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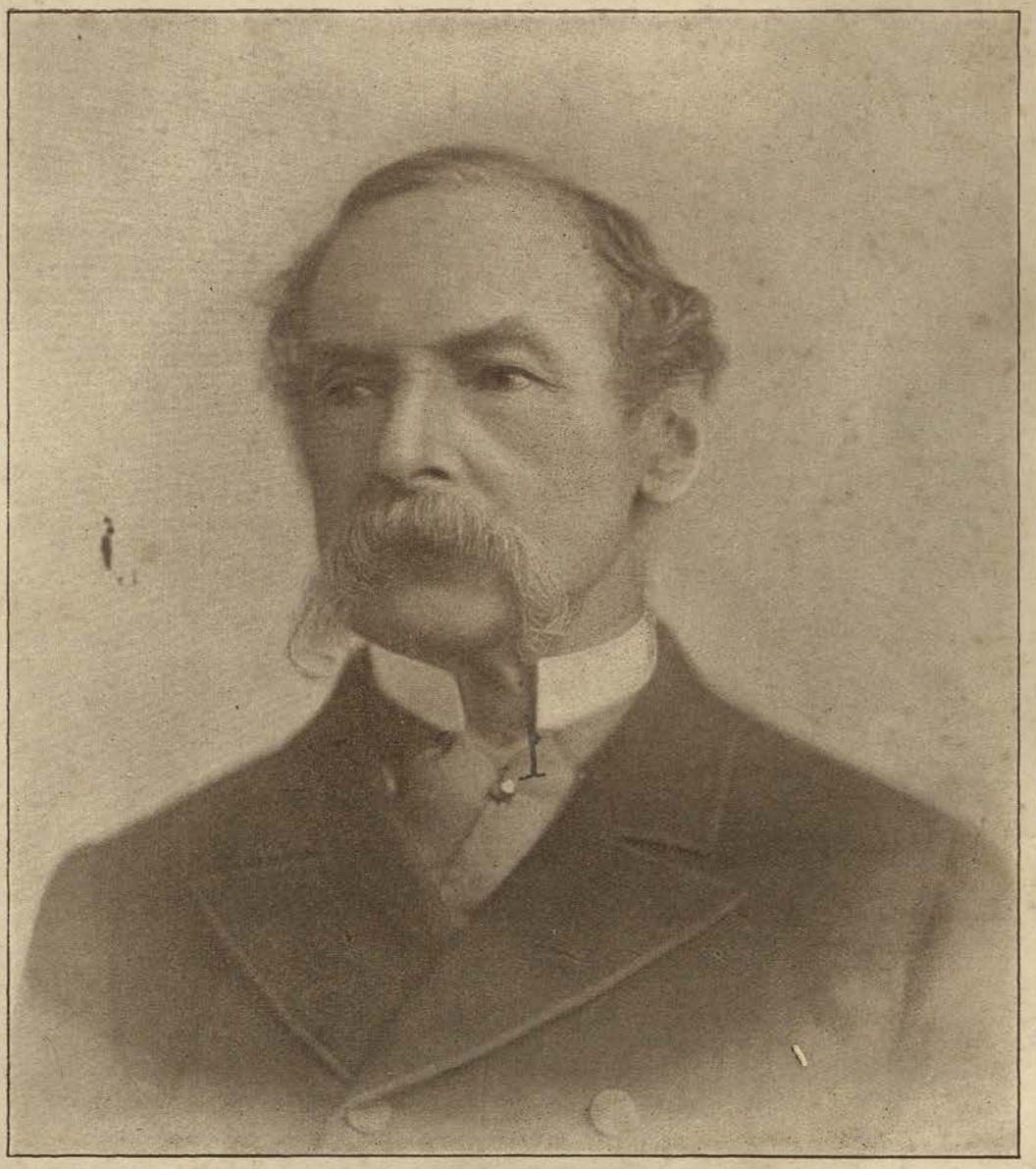
# Pictures from Punch



Yours faithfully
John Tenniel.

# PICTURES FROM PUNCH

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Vol. VI.

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1896.

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# PICTURES FROM "PUNCH"

GOING TO THE BALL—THE FINISHING TOUCH.

A MAN OF SOME CONSEQUENCE.

*Elder Sister.* "WHY, GEORGE! NOT DRESSED! PRAY ARE YOU NOT GOING WITH THE OTHER CHILDREN?"

*George.* "H'M!—I SHOULD RATHER FANCY NOT.—YOU DON'T CATCH ME GOING OUT OF AN EVENING JUST TO FURNISH PEOPLE'S ROOMS. WHERE *I* GO—I *DINE!*"

## ZOOLOGICAL.

*Little Tommy Trout (who has never seen a Respirator before).* "DOES THAT OLD GENKLEMAN *BITE*, MAMMA?"

## A LITTLE MIXED.

*Inebriated Swell (to Milkwoman at 6 a.m.).* "CAN *ONE O' YOU* LADIES BE S'KIND'S T' 'BLIGE ME 'TH HAIRPIN, SHOMESTHINGSH' GOT INT' MY LA'SCH-KEY."

"RURAL FELICITY."

*Sympathetic Old Parson.* "YOU APPEAR IN DEEP THOUGHT, MY FRIEND. MAY I ASK WHAT CHIEFLY OCCUPIES YOUR MIND?"

*Countryman.* "MAISTLY NOWT!"

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

*Paul.* "MIGHTN'T I HAVE A DONKEY, PAPA?"

*Papa (the New Vicar).* "I'M AFRAID NOT, MY BOY! THERE WOULD BE NOBODY TO LOOK AFTER IT, YOU KNOW!"

*Paul.* "OH, THE CURATE COULD DO THAT!"

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PLEASURES OF VEGETARIANISM.

"OH, GRACIOUS, MISS LEGUME! I FEAR I HAVE TASTED ANIMAL FOOD. I HAVE EATEN A WHOLE EARWIG IN MY SALAD!"

THOSE HORRID BOYS AGAIN!

*Boy (to distinguished Volunteer).* "NOW, CAPTING! CLEAN YER BOOTS, AND LET YER 'AVE A SHOT AT ME FOR A PENNY!"

## WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN THINKS THAT GAROTTING'S COME TO A PRETTY PASS WHEN IT'S OPENLY PRACTISED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

## A VERBAL DIFFICULTY.

*Irritable Captain.* "YOUR BARREL'S DISGRACEFULLY DIRTY, SIR, AND IT'S NOT THE FIRST TIME; I'VE A GOOD MIND TO—"

*Private Flannigan.* "SHURE, SOR, I NIVER—"

*Captain (Irish too).* "SILENCE, SIR. WHEN YOU SPAKE TO AN OFFICER!"

GIVING ONESELF AWAY.

*The Admiral (standing beside his portrait).* "YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW A BEARD CHANGES THE CHARACTER OF A MAN'S PROFILE, MISS SANDERSON. JUST LOOK HERE!"

*Miss Sanderson.* "A—A—I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN."

*Anxious Wife (to Husband, who has "an occasional touch of gout" after any particularly good bachelor dinner at Club).* "O, MY DEAR, I DO HOPE YOU WERE CAREFUL."

*Self-indulgent Husband (crustily).* "CAREFUL! I SHOULD RATHER THINK I WAS. I WAS VERY CAREFUL—NOT TO MISS A SINGLE DISH."

## SO LIKE HIM.

## SENTIMENT.

*Artistic-minded Youth (in midst of a fierce harangue from his Father, who is growing hotter and redder).* "BY JOVE, THAT'S A FINE BIT OF COLOUR, IF YOU LIKE!"

RECEIVING-DAY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

*"R. A." Porter (to Stodge, who takes in his Picture himself).* "'STONISHIN' LOT O' RUBBISH SENT HIN THIS YEAR, SIR! MOS' DAMAGIN' TO TH' HEYE, SIR."

"FOR THE THIRD TIME OF ASKING."

*Principal (who had made sure of it this time).* "DID 'FYLEM AND WAYTERBIT' SEEM PUT OUT AT MY SENDING IN THE ACCOUNT AGAIN?"

*New Clerk.* "OH DEAR NO, SIR. MOST PERLITE THEY WERE, SIR. 'SAID THEY 'OPED I'D CALL AGAIN, SIR!"

## A CHILD OF TO-DAY.

*Edith (studying "The Household Physician").* "MOTHER, YOU'D BETTER HAVE FRED AND BABY SENT OFF AT ONCE. I'VE BEEN LOOKING UP MY SYMPTOMS, AND IT'S MEASLES I'VE GOT—AGGRAVATED FORM!"

## CANDID CRITICISM.

"LIKE MY NEW FROCK, AUNT JANE?"

"WELL, I SHOULD SAY YOU'D GOT SKIRTS FOR YOUR SLEEVES, AND A SLEEVE FOR YOUR SKIRT!"

## SERVANTGALISM.

*Housemaid.* "WELL, SOOSAN, I'VE MADE UP MY MIND NOT TO STOP 'ERE NO LONGER TO WORK LIKE NEGROES AS WE DO!"

*Cook.* "NOR I, NUTHER! BUT JUST TURN THE MEAT, WILL YOU, PLEASE, THE WHILST I FINISH MY CROCHET?"

## SERVANTGALISM.

*'Ousmaid (from Town).* "IS HANN JENKINS AT HOME?"

*Suburban Cook.* "NO; SHE HAS JUST GONE TO HER MILLINER'S."

*'Ousmaid.* "THEN GIVE HER MY CARD, PLEASE, AND SAY, I OPE SHE GOT HOME SAFELY FROM THE BALL."

## ALARMING PROPOSITION.

*Oyster Man (to Hairy Gents).* "OYSTERS, SIR! YES, SIR! SHALL I TAKE YER BEARDS OFF?"

*[Gents have an uncomfortable idea that they are being "chaffed."*

## THE JIBBING PONY.

"CAN I DO ANYTHING TO HELP YOU?"

"YOU ARE VERY GOOD. IF YOU WILL KINDLY FORCE A HANDFUL OF MUD INTO MY PONY'S MOUTH, HE MAY PERHAPS GO ON!"

THE END OF THE SEASON. AU REVOIR!

A RULING PASSION.

*Mr. Meenister MacGlucky (of the Free Kirk, after having given way more than usual to an expression "a wee thing strong"—despairingly).* "OH! AYE! AH, W-E-EL! I'LL HAE TA GIE 'T UP!"

*Mr. Elder MacNab.* "WHA-AT, 'MAN, GIE UP GOWF?"

*Mr. Meenister MacGlucky.* "NAE, NAE! GIE UP THE MEENISTRY!"

"ARE YOU A PROTESTANT? I NEVER HIRE A CAR UNLESS IT'S DRIVEN BY A PROTESTANT."

"WELL, MA'AM, I'M NOT A PROTESTANT MESELF—BUT SURE ME HORSE IS!"

"YOU'RE A VERY IMPERTINENT PERSON!"

"WELL, MA'AM, I'M SURE OF IT; FOR I'VE BEEN DHRIVIN' HIM TWO YEARS, AND HE'S NEVER BEEN DOWN ON HIS KNEES YET!"

## FROM THE SISTER ISLE.

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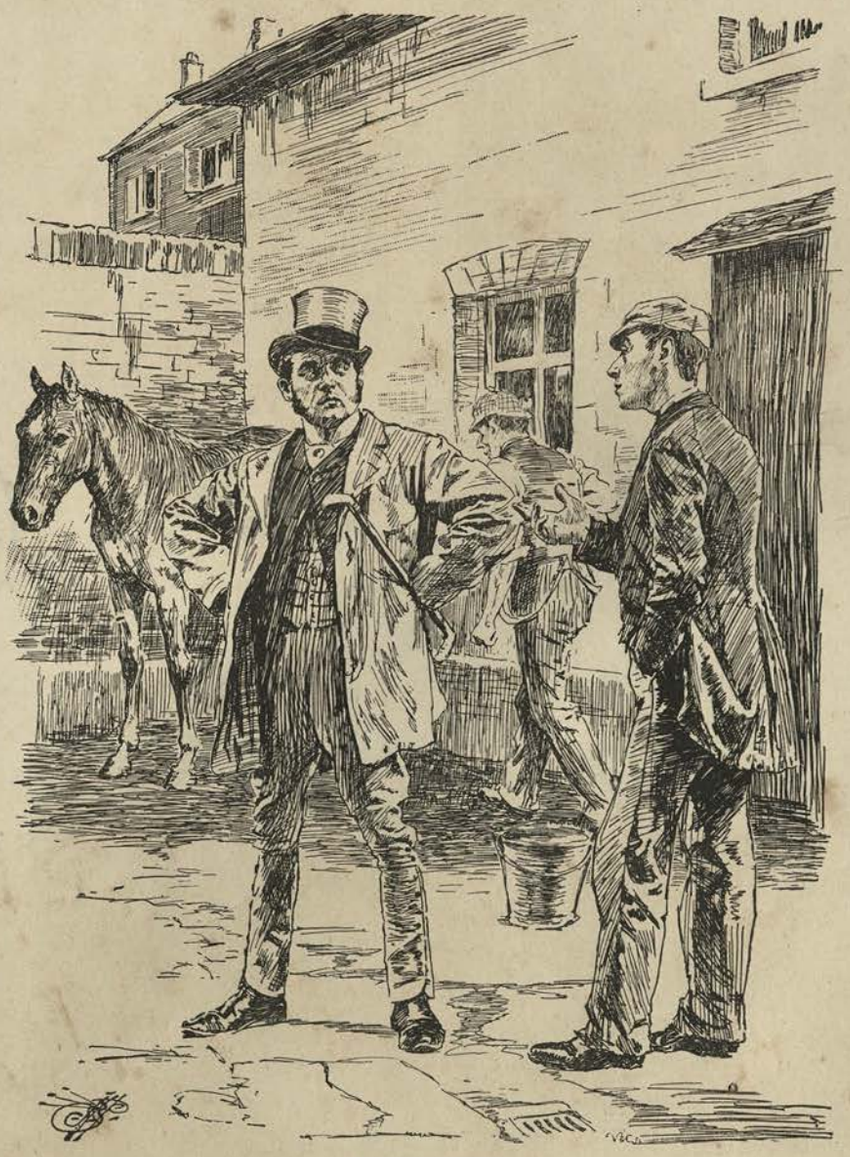
## ENCOURAGEMENT.

"WHAT A PITY YOU DON'T HAVE LOOKING-GLASSES ALL ALONG THE WALLS—THEN ONE COULD SEE ONESELF AS ONE WENT ROUND, YOU KNOW."

"WHY, MISS, IF YOU WAS TO SEE YOURSELF IN A LOOKING-GLASS JUST NOW, YOU'D NEVER GIT ON A 'ORSE AGAIN!"



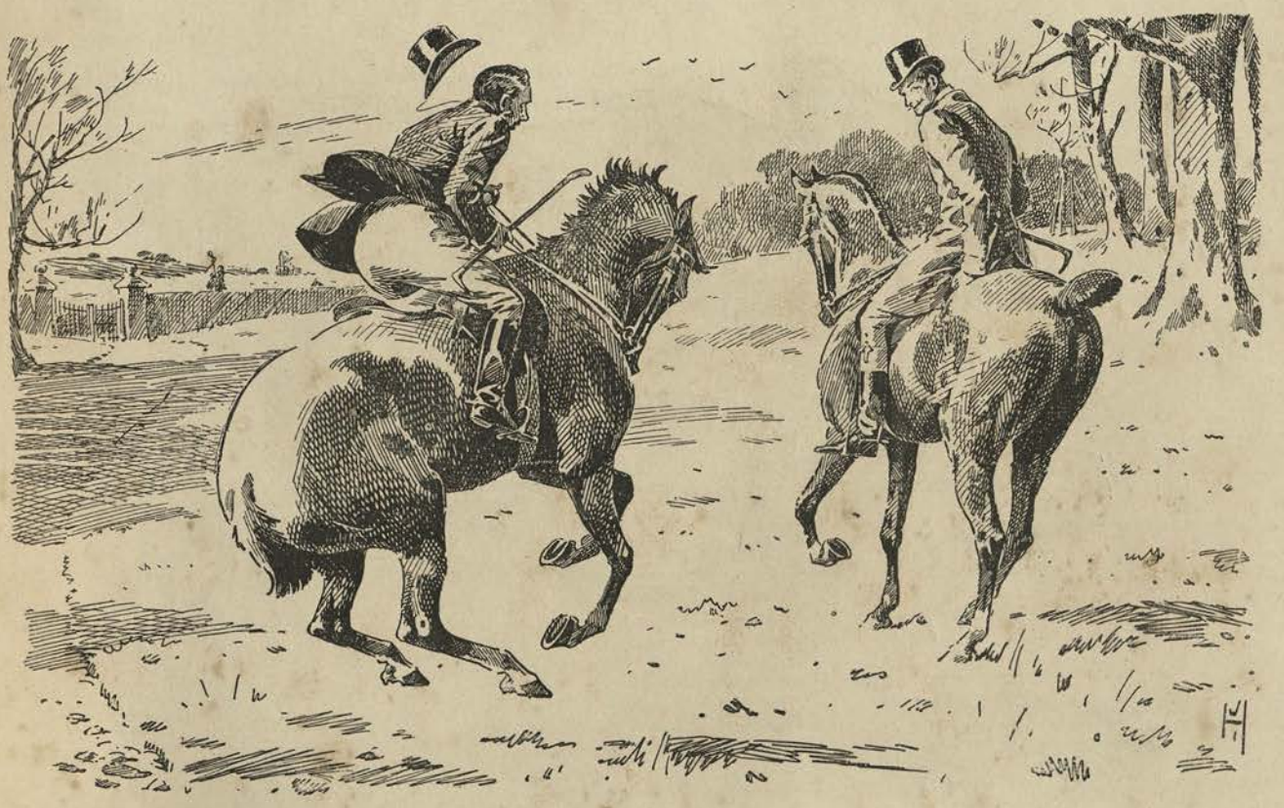
## SARCASM.

*Odd Man.* "LOOK 'ERE. THE GUV'NOR WANTS A NORSE—A USEFUL, ALL-ROUND KIND OF 'ORSE. 'E WANTS A NORSE AS 'E CAN RIDE IN THE PARK; A NORSE AS 'LL GO QUIET IN A DORG-CART FOR THE MISSIS TO DRIVE. WELL, THEN 'E'D WANT 'IM IN THE BRORM IN THE SEASON. AN' 'E'D 'AVE TO DROR THE LAWN-ROLLER NOW AN' THEN. AN'——"

*Dealer (witheringly).* "'E DON'T WANT THE BLOOMIN' 'ORSE TO WAIT AT TABLE, DO 'E?"

## SOMETHING WRONG.

*Old Gent (unaware of the position of his Bridle).* "THAT CONFOUNDED DEALER SAID SHE HAD A SNAFFLE MOUTH."



## ALL HER PLAY.

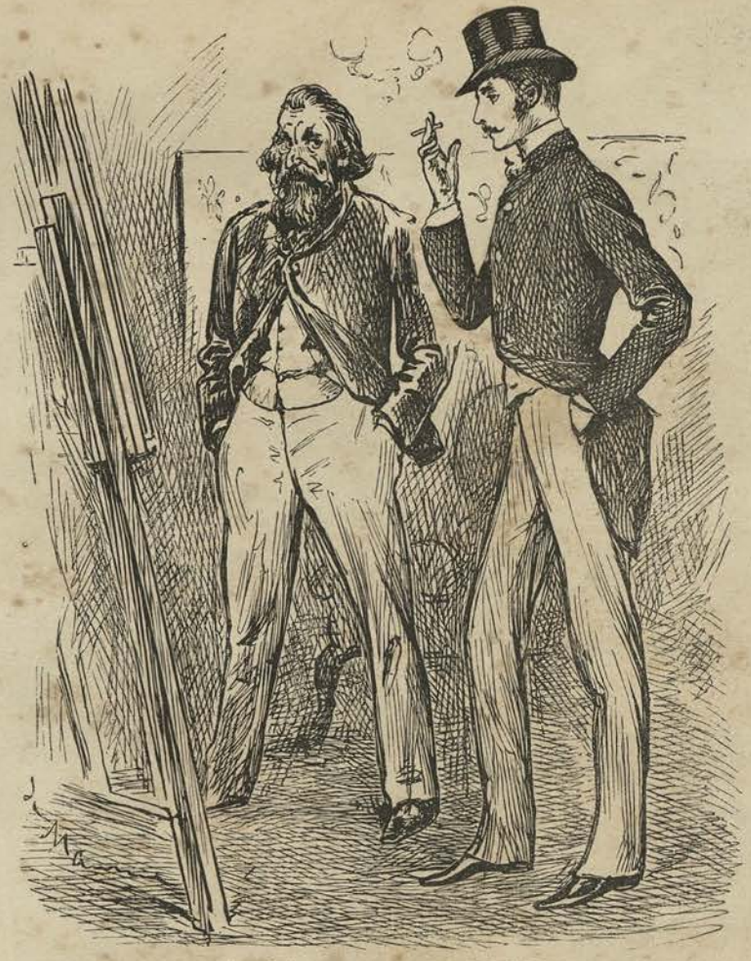
*Country Gentleman (to nervous man, whom he has mounted).* "BY JOVE, OLD CHAP, NEVER SAW THE MARE SO FRESH! TAKE CARE YOU AIN'T OFF!"
*Nervous Man (heartily).* "W-W WISH TO GOODNESS I WERE!"

## (H)ART-TEACHING IN A NUTSHELL.

*Cockney Art-Teacher (to ambitious Amateur, who rather fancies himself, but has come for a few "Finishing" Lessons).* "NOW, YER KNOW, WHAT I SAY IS, IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE A ARTIST, YER SHOULD TRY TO MIKE IT *SOMETHING LIKE!*"

## THE RESOURCES OF CIVILISATION.

*M.P. (apostrophising ruined hat).* "VERY WELL, THEN, NEXT TIME THERE'S GOING TO BE A RUSH, I'LL BRING A JAPANNED TIN HAT CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY—THEN LET HIM SIT ON IT!!"



## A CAPITAL REASON.

"IT'S THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM, YOU KNOW!"

"WHAT A SUBJECT! MY DEAR FELLAH, IF YOU MUST PAINT DUKES AND DUCHESSES, WHY THE DEUCE DON'T YOU PAINT *MODERN* ONES?"

"MODERN ONES! WHY, DASH IT ALL, MAN, I NEVER SAW A MODERN DUKE IN MY LIFE, NOR A MODERN DUCHESS EITHER!—AND, WHAT'S MORE, I DON'T WANT TO!"

## A STAGGERER!

*Rector's Wife (instructing an Aspiring Buttons, who has answered her Advertisement).* "YOU'LL HAVE TO OPEN THE SHUTTERS AND THE HALL-DOOR, SEE TO THE STUDY FIRE, PUT THE THINGS READY IN THE BATH-ROOM, THEN CALL YOUR MASTER PUNCTUALLY AT SIX, CLEAN HIS BOOTS AND BRUSH HIS CLOTHES, CLEAN ALL THE CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES, AND BRUSH *THEIR* CLOTHES, LAY THE BREAKFAST PUNCTUALLY AT EIGHT, AFTER WHICH YOU'LL HAVE TO GET THE PONY AND TRAP READY TO DRIVE THE CHILDREN TO SCHOOL, AND BE BACK IN GOOD TIME. AFTER YOU'VE DRESSED THE PONY AND CLEANED YOUR KNIVES AND SILVER, YOU WILL MAKE YOURSELF TIDY, AND THEN YOU'LL LAY THE LUNCH——"

*Aspiring Buttons (gasping).* "PLEASE, 'M—BEG PARD'N—PLACE WON'T DO FOR ME. WHY, I SHOULD WANT A NEW SUIT O' CLOTHES BEFORE YOU'VE FINISHED TELLING ME WHAT I'VE GOT TO DO, AND THEN I SHOULDN'T FIND TIME TO BE MEASURED FOR 'EM! GOOD MORN'N."

*[Exit Aspirant.*

## CANDOUR!

*Mistress (catching the Butler helping himself to a Glass of "'34" Port).* "JAMES!—I'M SURPRISED——"
*Mr. James.* "SO AM I, MU'M! I THOUGHT YOU WAS OUT!"

"MAMMA DEAR, FRANÇOISE, THE NEW NURSE, ALWAYS SAYS HER PRAYERS IN FRENCH. DO YOU THINK SHE WILL BE UNDERSTOOD?"

AN ORTHODOX DOUBT.

LEAP YEAR.

"I SAY, MOTHER, THAT GIRL HAD THE CHEEK TO ASK ME TO DANCE! FORTUNATELY, I COULD TELL HER MY CARD WAS FULL!"

## PAST AND PRESENT.

*Serious and much-Married Man.* "MY DEAR FRIEND, I *WAS* ASTONISHED TO HEAR OF *YOUR* DINING AT MADAME TROISÉTOILES!—A 'WOMAN WITH A PAST,' YOU KNOW!"

*The Friend (Bachelor "unattached").* "WELL, YOU SEE, OLD MAN, SHE'S GOT A FIRST-RATE *CHEF*, SO IT ISN'T HER 'PAST,' BUT HER 'RE-PAST' THAT *I* CARE ABOUT."

## SUSPICION.

*Stout Visitor (on discovering that, during his usual Nap after Luncheon, he has been subjected to a grossly personal Practical Joke).* "IT'S ONE O' THOSE DASHED ARTISTS THAT ARE STAYING AT THE 'LORD NELSON.' 'A' DONE THIS, I KNOW!"

*Boy sings* — "SAYS THE OLD OBADIAH TO THE YOUNG OBADIAH,

'I BEGIN TO FEEL RATHER DRY.'"

APPROPRIATE.

"ONE GOOD TURN" ETC.

*City Man (to one of his Clerks he finds fishing in his Ornamental Water).* "LOOK HERE, SMITHERS, I'VE NO OBJECTION TO GIVING YOU A DAY NOW AND THEN 'TO ATTEND YOUR AUNT'S FUNERAL'—BUT I THINK YOU MIGHT SEND SOME OF THE FISH UP TO THE HOUSE!"

# THE EGG-POACHER (A TALE OF COUNTRY LIFE, IN 3 VOLS.).

## VOL. I.

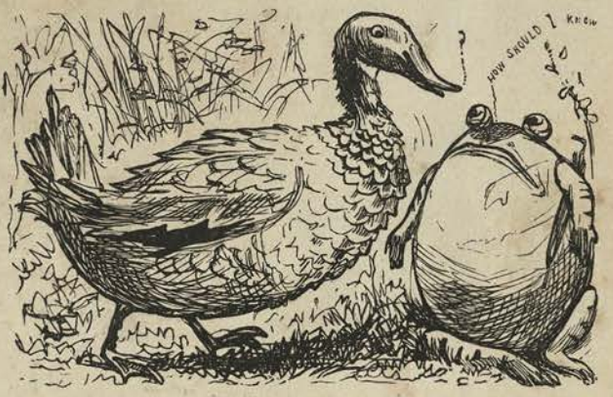
CHAP. I.—WONDER.

CHAP. II.—TEMPTATION.

CHAP. III.—IMMEDIATE ACTION.

CHAP. IV.—AMBITIOUS SCHEMES.

CHAP. V.—JUST IN TIME.




CHAP. VI.—INJURED INNOCENCE.

CHAP. VII.—A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

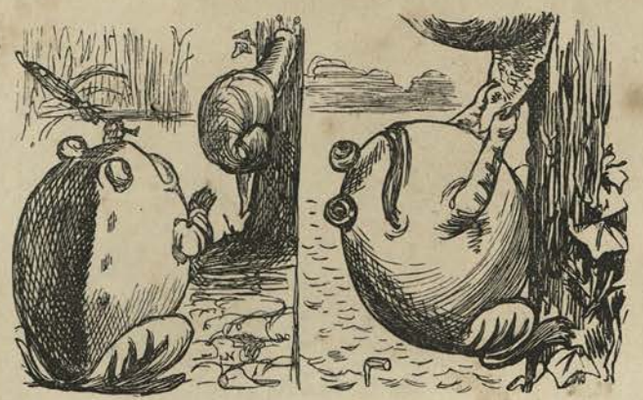
CHAP. VIII.—SELF-DOUBTS.

END OF VOL. I.

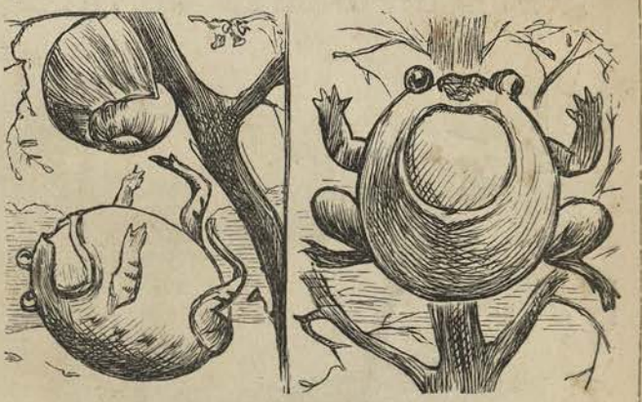
CHAP. I.—THE LONE EGSILE.

CHAP. II.—FRIEND OR FOE?

CHAP. III.—ON THE TRACK.



CHAP. IV.—WHITHER?—EGSHELSIOR!



CHAP V.—THE HELPING HAND WITHDRAWN.

CHAP. VI.—EUREKA!

CHAP. VII.—THE OVERLAND ROUTE HOME.

CHAP. VIII.—PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

END OF VOL. II.

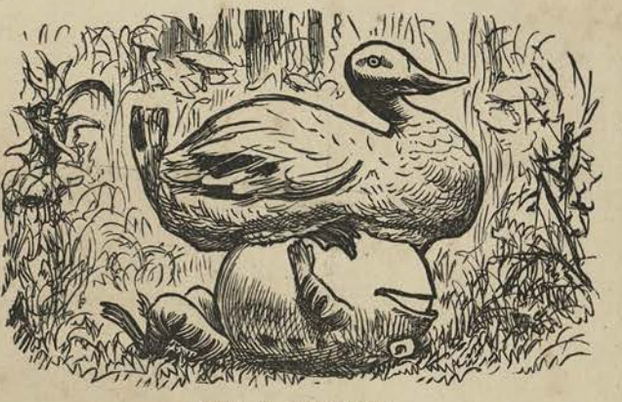
VOL. III.

CHAP. I.—THE HABITUAL CRIMINAL.

CHAP. II.—WATCHED FROM AFAR.

CHAP. III.—CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

CHAP. IV.—A FOWL BLOW.



CHAP. V.—EGGSPIATION.

CHAP. VI.—THE PLOT THICKENS.

CHAP. VII.—THE PEACE-MAKER.

CHAP. VIII.—READER, FAREWELL.

THE END.

A MEDIUM.

*Nursery-Maid (to horse, with great affection).* "OH, YOU DARLING! I AM SO FOND OF YOU!"

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LOVELY NIGHT!

"WOT WAS THAT WHISTLED? VY THE NIGHTENGALS TO BE SURE. IF YOU'LL COME ALONG O' ME YOU'LL HEAR 'EM A GOOD DEAL BETTER."

THE NOISY BURGLAR, OR THE CAT AND THE MILK-JUG.

*Old Lady (en demi-toilette).* "TAKE HIM IN CHARGE, POLICEMAN, TAKE HIM IN CHARGE!" *(N.B. The Cat is in a tolerable fix as it is.)*

## FINE BUSINESS, INDEED! THE WRETCH!

*Master of the House.* "OH! MARY! WHAT IS THERE FOR DINNER TO-DAY?"

*Mary.* "I THINK, SIR, IT'S COLD MUTTON, SIR."

*Master of the House.* "H'M!—OH! TELL YOUR MISTRESS, WHEN SHE COMES IN, THAT I MAY POSSIBLY BE DETAINED IN THE CITY ON BUSINESS, AND SHE IS ON NO ACCOUNT TO WAIT DINNER FOR ME."

## LITTLE BIT OF SENTIMENT.

*(For Foxhunters only.)*

*Non-Sporting Man.* "WHY, BOB, OLD FELLOW, HOW WRETCHED YOU LOOK! AND WHAT ARE ALL THESE BOOTS AND THINGS ABOUT FOR?"

*Bob.* "WELL, THEY'RE GOING TO BE PUT AWAY TO-MORROW FOR SEVEN MONTHS. ISN'T *THAT* ENOUGH TO MAKE A FELLOW LOOK WRETCHED?"

## INTERESTING.

"I HAVE CALLED, MR. SQUILLS, TO SAY THAT MY DARLING LITTLE DOG (!) HAS TAKEN ALL HIS MIXTURE, BUT HIS COUGH IS NO BETTER."

## A PERFECT WRETCH.

*Wife.* "WHY, DEAR ME, WILLIAM; HOW TIME FLIES! I DECLARE WE HAVE BEEN MARRIED TEN YEARS TO-DAY!"

*Wretch.* "HAVE WE, LOVE! I AM SURE I THOUGHT IT HAD BEEN A GREAT DEAL LONGER."

## QUITE ANOTHER THING

*Constance (literary).* "HAVE YOU READ THIS ACCOUNT OF 'THE MILL ON THE FLOSS,' DEAR?"

*Edith (literal).* "NO, INDEED, I HAVE NOT; AND I WONDER THAT YOU CAN FIND ANYTHING TO INTEREST YOU IN THE DESCRIPTION OF A DISGUSTING PRIZE-FIGHT!"

## TRUE COURAGE.

*That Dreadful Boy.* "OH, AIN'T MARGARET BRAVE, THAT'S ALL! LAST NIGHT, WHEN SHE WAS IN THE GARDEN, I SAW A MAN JUMP OVER THE HEDGE, AND KISS HER. SHE WAS NOT A BIT AFRAID, AND SAID NOTHING ABOUT IT WHEN SHE CAME IN!"

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THE CHILDISH TEETOTAL MOVEMENT.

*Young Hopeful Teetotaller.* "GO AWAY, NURSE! I DON'T WANT TO GO DOWN TO DESSERT, AND HAVE ANY NASTY WINE! I WANT TO STOP UP STAIRS, AND PLAY WITH MY NEW PUMP!"

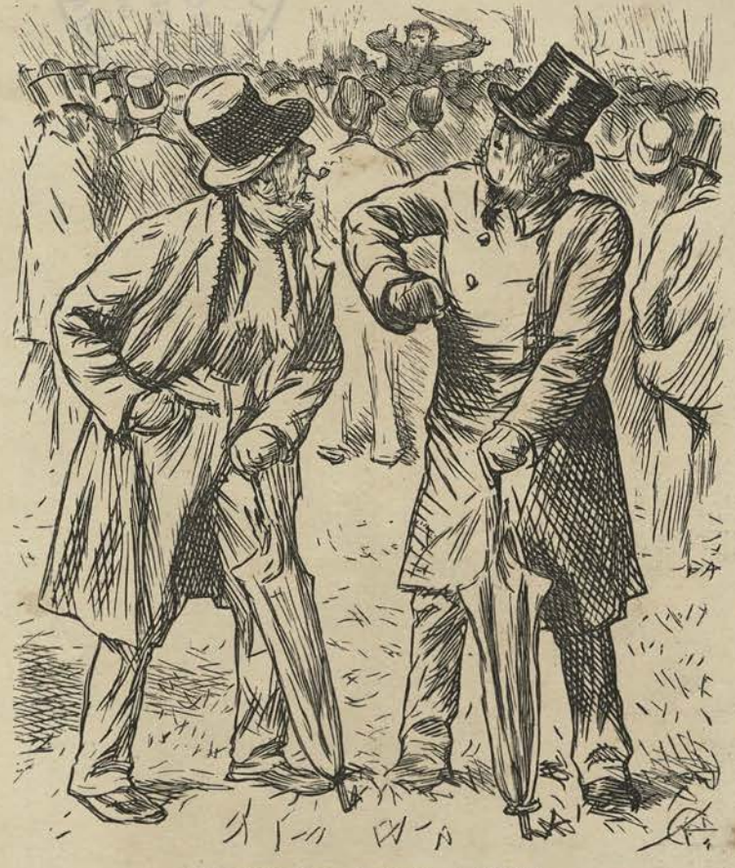
AWFUL APPARITION!

*Mrs. T. (to T., who has been reading the popular novel).* "PRAY, MR. TOMKINS, ARE YOU NEVER COMING UP-STAIRS? HOW MUCH LONGER ARE YOU GOING TO SIT UP WITH THAT 'WOMAN IN WHITE?'"

## HE THOUGHT HE WAS SAFE.

*Irascible Old Gentleman.* "BUY A COMB! WHAT THE DEVIL SHOULD I BUY A COMB FOR? YOU DON'T SEE ANY HAIR ON MY HEAD, DO YOU?"

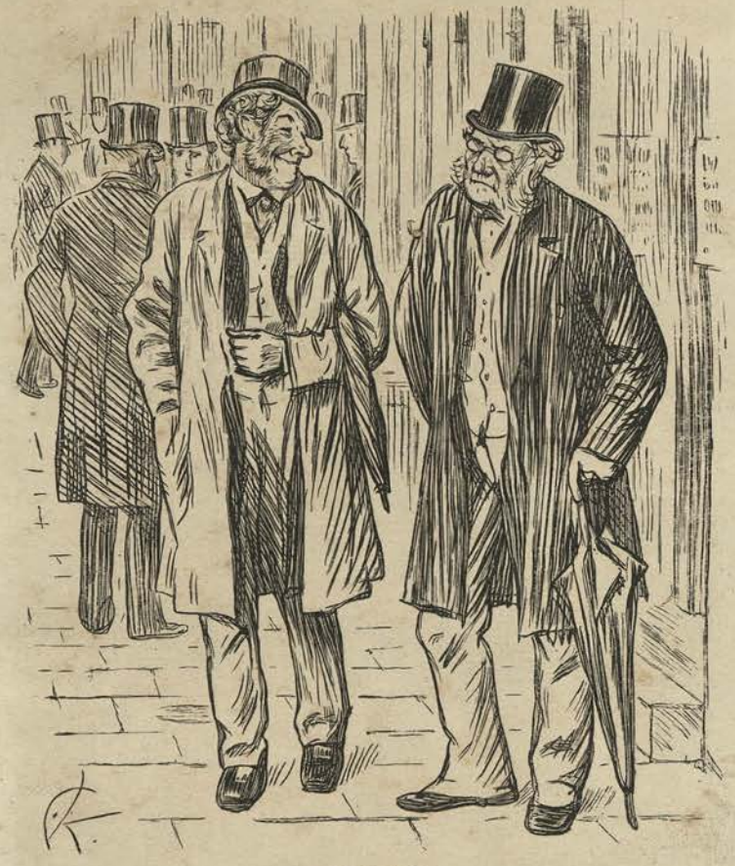
*Unlicensed Hawker.* "LOR' BLESS YER, SIR!—YER DON'T WANT NO 'AIR ON YER 'EAD FOR A TOOTH-COMB!!"



## NOTHING LIKE LOGIC.

*Orton Demonstrator.* "I DON' CARE WHETHER HE'S ORTON OR TISHBO'N' OR CASHTR' OR WHO HE IS, BU' I DON' LIKE T' SEE A PO'R MAN KEP' OUT OF'S PROP'TY!!"

*Second Orton Demonstrator.* "JESH SHO!" [*They retire to refresh.*



## REACTION.

*First Merchant.* "WELL, WHAT'S FRESH?"

*Second Merchant.* "OH, I THINK THINGS ARE LOOKING BETTER, PEOPLE GETTING ON THEIR LEGS AGAIN——"

*First Merchant.* "THINK SO?"

*Second Merchant.* "NO DOUBT OF IT!—GOOD MANY PEOPLE USED TO RIDE, YOU KNOW—WALK NOW!—TA, TA——"

## "IT'S AN ILL WIND" ETC.

*Sporting Sub.* "I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE MY LEAVE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, COLONEL, FOR I'VE JUST HEARD MY FATHER'S HAD A BAD FALL OUT HUNTING."

*Colonel.* "DEAR ME! I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT! I HOPE HE'S NOT HURT!"

*Sporting Sub.* "OH, IT ISN'T THAT!—ONLY I WANT TO HAVE HIS HORSE!!"

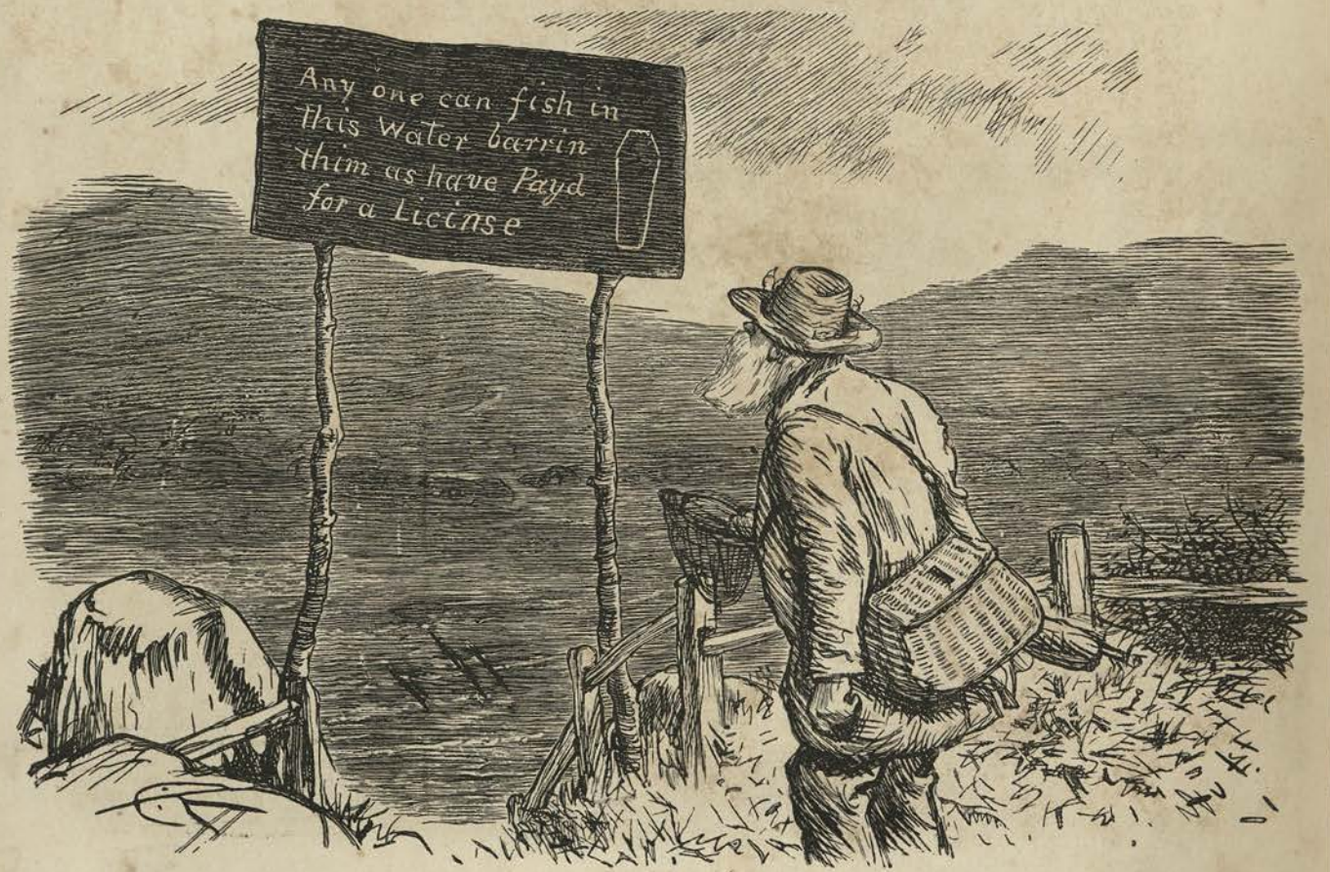
*Pudgeby.* "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE, MISS LIGHTFOOT, FOR THIS WALTZ?"

*Miss L. (promptly).* "OH! VERY SORRY—I'M ENGAGED EVERY WALTZ."

*Pudgeby.* "THE NEXT QUADRILLE, THEN, MAY I—?"

*Miss L.* "WELL, YOU LOOK A LITTLE MORE LIKE A QUADRILLE—MUST SAY. WITH PLEASURE!"

DISCRIMINATION.




"NO RINT!"

SAXON SUBSCRIBER (TO AN IRISH "FISHERY") READS NOTICE-BOARD! TABLEAU!

*Doctor.* "DID YOU GIVE THE CHILDREN THE PHYSIC I SENT LAST NIGHT?"

*Fond Mother.* "YES, SIR."

*Doctor.* "AND HOW ARE THEY TO-DAY?"

*Fond Mother.* "WELL, THE LITTLE UN'S VERY BAD, TO BE SURE. BUT IT DON'T SEEM TO 'AVE DONE THE T'OTHER UN' NO 'ARM AS YET!"

THE HEALING ART.

SOCIAL AGONIES.—THE STOP-GAP.

*Hostess (to Brown, who has been suddenly invited at the last moment, to make a Fourteenth).* "OH, IT'S *SO* GOOD OF YOU TO COME. WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE ASKED YOU, IF WE HADN'T BEEN *OBLIGED!*"

TWO PHASES OF GOLF.

"'FORE!" "'HIND!"

FANCY GOLF PICTURE.

"THE BOGEY COMPETITION."

HUNTING PUZZLE.

SUPPOSING THE HORSE STARTS OFF BEFORE YOU'RE READY—WHAT THEN?

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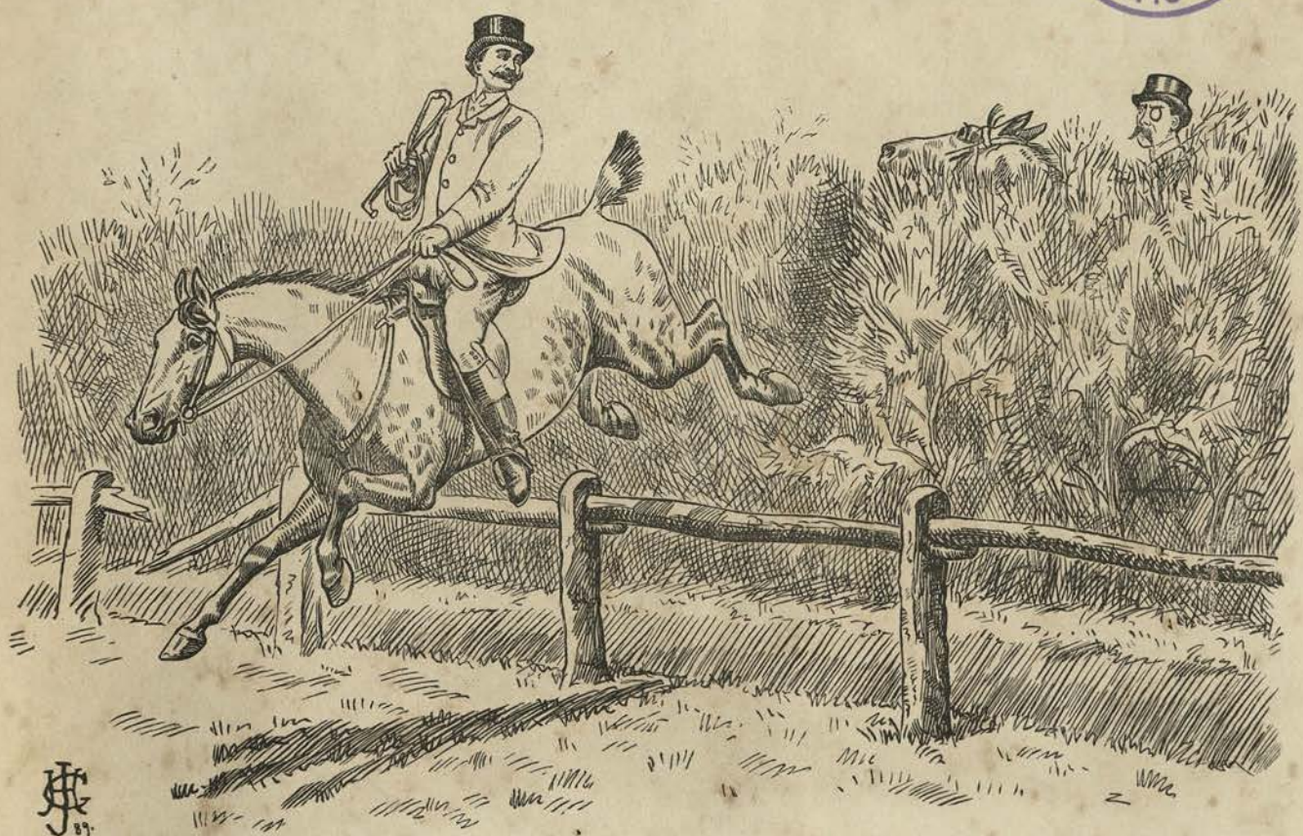


A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

*Cautious Craner.* "HI! I SAY! WHAT'S THE OTHER SIDE?"

*Sportsman (just landing).* "YOU ARE!"

## A SOLILOQUY.

*Youthful Mercury.* '*WHAT*'S THIS 'ERE ON THE PLYTE? 'KNOCK AND RING'! BLOWED IF THEY WON'T BE HARSKING YER TO '*WALK HINSIDE*,' NEXT!!"

## VICARIOUS!

*(On the Underground Railway.)*

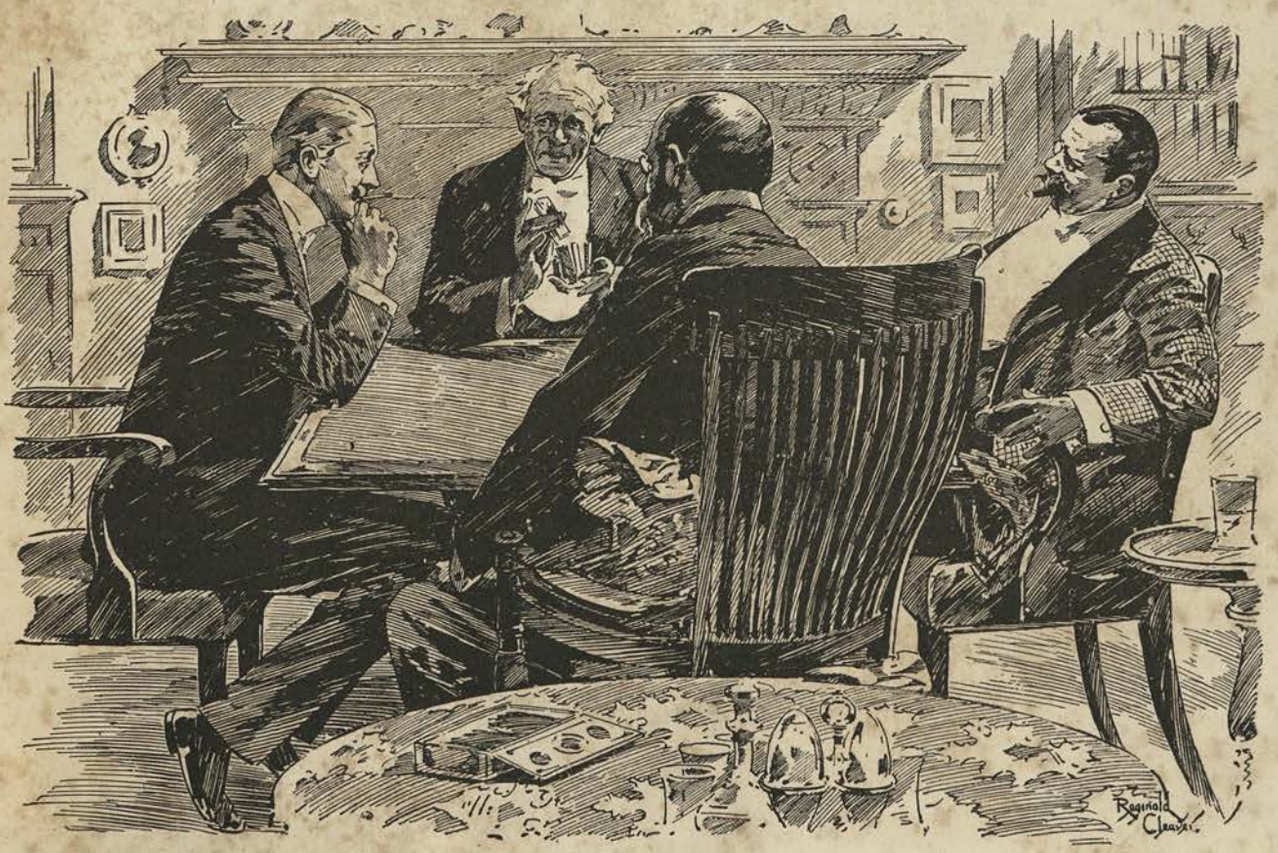
*Irascible Old Gentleman (who is just a second too late).* "CONFOUND AND D——!"
*Fair Stranger (who feels the same, but dares not express it).* "OH, THANK YOU, *SO* MUCH!"

*Holiday Tutor (quoting)*—"'LETTING I DARE NOT WAIT UPON I WOULD, LIKE THE POOR CAT IN THE ADAGE.'

NOW, GEORGE, WHAT IS AN ADAGE?"

*George.* "A PLACE TO KEEP CATS IN!"

THE SHAKSPEARE LESSON.



"NO EXPECTATIONS"—EVIDENTLY.

*Uncle.* "CAN'T GET OVER THAT RUBBER LAST NIGHT. LOSING ALL THAT MONEY TO YOU! IT STILL STICKS IN MY THROAT!"
*Nephew.* "DOES IT? I WISH IT HAD STUCK IN MY POCKET!"

## LOGICAL.

*Effie.* "MUMMY, WHY DO THEY HUNT LIONS AN' TIGERS?"

*Mamma.* "BECAUSE THEY KILL THE POOR LITTLE SHEEP, EFFIE."

*Effie (after a pause).* "THEN WHY DON'T THEY HUNT THE BUTCHERS, MUMMY?"

## FINANCE.

*Grocer.* "WHAT'S FOR YOU, MISSY?"

*Missy.* "FARDEN'S WORF O' SODA, FARDEN'S WORF O' SOFT SOAP, FARDEN'S WORF O' TREACLE, FARDEN PACKET O' TACKS, FARDEN'S WORF O' BUTTER-SCRAPIN'S, FARDEN'S WORF O' STARCH, FARDEN'S WORF O' BULL'S-EYES, AN' A FARDEN DIP."

*Grocer.* "THAT'LL BE TWOPENCE, PLEASE."

*Missy.* "AN' WHAT'LL BE THE DISCOUNT FOR CASH?"

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A YORKSHIRE GOSSIP.

*First Gossip.* "SO YOU WAS NIVVER AXED TUT FUNERAL?"

*Second Gossip.* "NIVVER AS MUCH AS INSIDE T'HOUSE. BUT NOB-BUT WAIT TILL *WE* HEV' A FUNERAL OF US OWN, AN' *WE'LL* SHOW 'EM!"

OUR DECADENTS.

*Algy.* "WHAT'S THE MATTER, ARCHIE? YOU'RE NOT LOOKING WELL!"

*Archie.* "*YOU* WOULDN'T LOOK WELL, IF YOU'D BEEN SUFFERING FROM INSOMNIA EVERY AFTERNOON FOR A WEEK!"

## SANCTA SIMPLICITAS

*Housemaid.* "WE'RE GETTING UP A SWEEPSTAKES, MRS. THRUPP. WON'T YOU JOIN?"

*Housekeeper.* "GRACIOUS ME, CHILD; NOT I! WHY IF I *WON* A HORSE I SHOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO *DO* WITH HIM!"

## READY, AYE READY!

*The New Parlour-Maid.* "MISTRESS TOLD ME TO TELL YOU SHE WAS NOT AT HOME, SIR."

*He.* "OH—ER—REALLY! THEN TELL HER I DIDN'T CALL!"

*Proprietor of Furnished House.* "YOU WILL OBSERVE, MADAM, THAT THERE IS EVERY CONVENIENCE. FOR EXAMPLE, IN CASE OF FIRE, YOU POP THROUGH THIS TRAP, AND THERE YOU ARE, YOU KNOW!"

SO SIMPLE!

"CROSS PURPOSES."

THE DACHSHORSE.

AWKWARD.

IT IS NOT PLEASANT TO BE OVERTAKEN IN A NARROW LANE BY A TROOP OF HUNTING PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN THROWN OUT, AND ARE TRYING HARD TO CATCH THE HOUNDS.

## BAD LANGUAGE.

*Miss Betsy Primme.* "HE REALLY IS SUCH AN UGLY-LOOKING DEVIL, YOU KNOW."

*The Vicar.* "WELL, HE *IS!*"

*Hostess (who overhears).* "MY GOODNESS, GRACIOUS ME!"

[*They were only discussing the Mephistopheles of a Provincial Dramatic Company.*

## AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION.

*First Footman.* "'ULLO, JAMES! WHAT, 'AVE YOU LEFT THE EARL OF STONYBROKE?"

*Second Footman.* "YES, WILLIAM. I'M LIVING WITH THE HONRABEL DOCKET, A CITY TOFF."

*First Footman.* "AND 'OW DOES IT SUIT YER?"

*Second Footman.* "WELL, 'TAIN'T QUITE THE QUALATY AS I'VE BEEN HACCUSTOMED TO; BUT WHEN HOUR HELDEST SON, LORD DASHLEIGH, WENT INTO THE CITY AS A STOCKBROKER, I SEED AS 'OW WE ALL 'AD TO COME TO IT. SO 'ERE I AM!"

## OUR LITERATES.

*Principal of Theological College.* "WELL, SNOOKSON, I HAVE READ YOUR PAPER, AND I'M SORRY TO SAY YOU ARE QUITE HOPELESS, AND I CANNOT POSSIBLY GIVE YOU A *TESTAMUR!*"

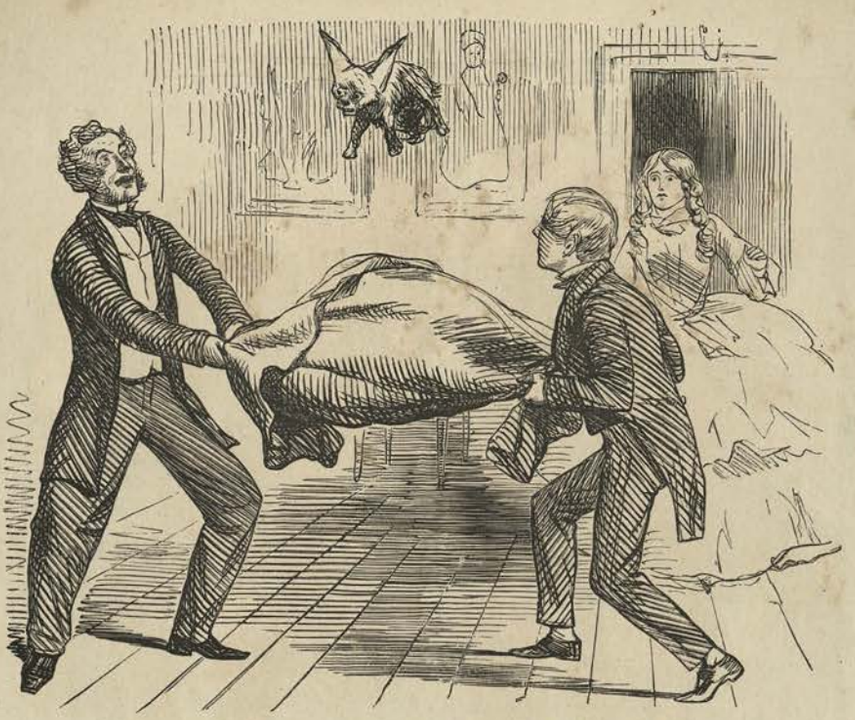
*Snookson.* "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, THAT OF ALL THE THEOLOGICAL COLLEGES *I WAS EVER AT*, THIS IS THE *BEASTLIEST!*"

## A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

"OH YES, SIR GUS, MY HUSBAND'S AS WELL AS EVER, THANK YOU, AND HARD AT WORK. I'VE HAD TO COPY OUT HIS PAMPHLET ON BI-METALLISM *THREE TIMES*, HE ALTERS IT SO! AH, IT'S NO SINECURE TO BE MARRIED TO A MAN OF GENIUS. I OFTEN ENVY YOUR DEAR WIFE!"

## A NEW COMPOUND VERB.

*Sudden Apparition.* "PAPA, DEAR, YOU KNOW THAT MAMMA SAID THAT IF WE HAD BUTTER WITH OUR TOAST, WE WEREN'T TO HAVE ANYTHING ELSE! WELL, GEORGE HAS NOT ONLY *BUTTERED* HIS TOAST, BUT HE'S ACTUALLY BEEN AND *LIEBIG'S-EXTRACT-OF-BEEFED* IT AS WELL!"

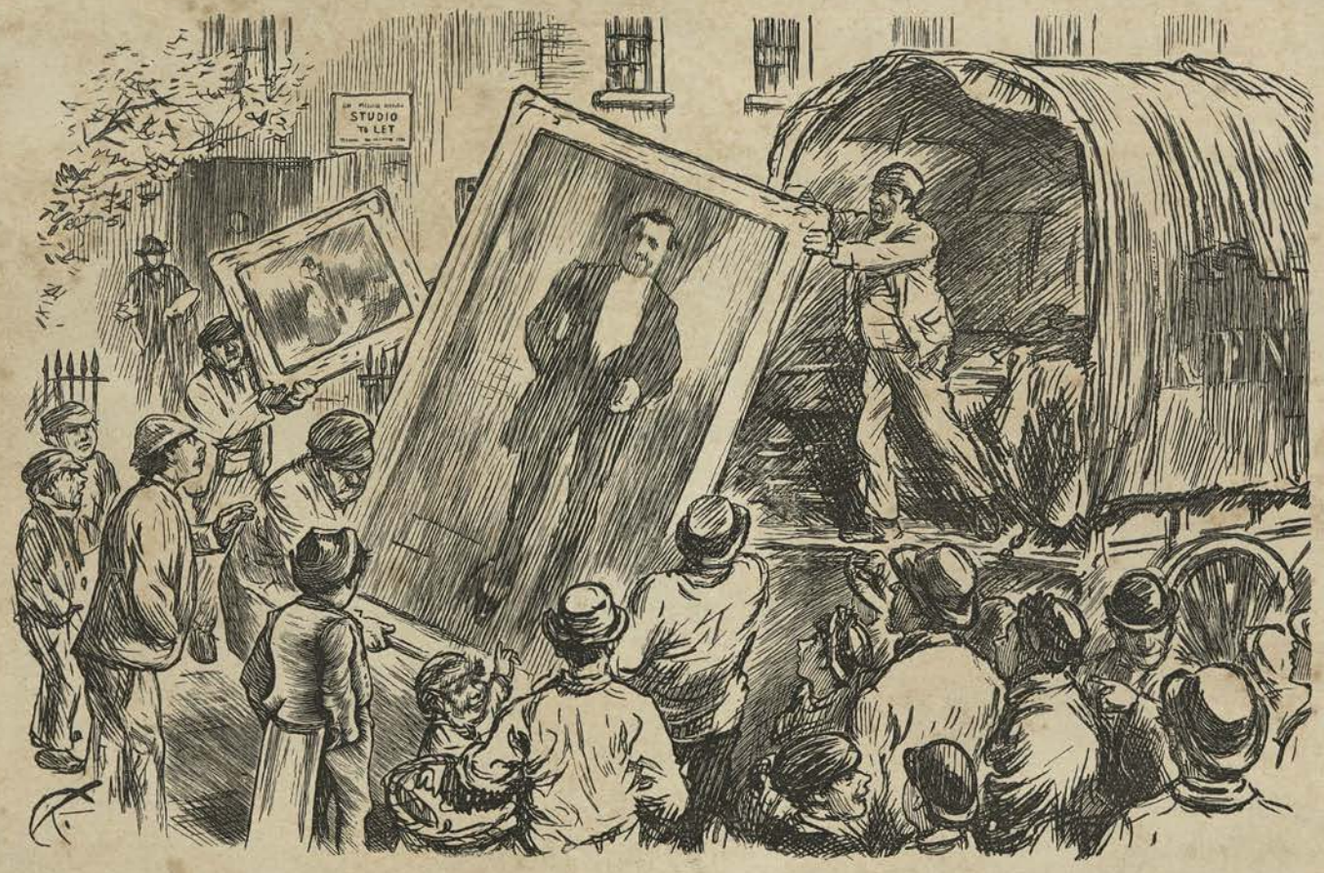


## EFFECTS OF A WET EASTER.

HORACE AND HENRY, BEING SHUT UP IN THE COUNTRY, AMUSE THEMSELVES BY EXERCISING (!) THEIR FAIR COUSIN'S PET LAP-DOG.

## "COMPARISONS ARE," ETC.

*Hansom Cabby (to Driver of Cheap Omnibus).* "NOW, THEN, SAM! ME AND MY SWELL WANTS TO CATCH A TRAIN! *DO* GET ON WITH THAT NOER'S HARK OF YOURN."




"ROUND THE STUDIOS" (OUTSIDE).—SENDING-IN DAY.

*Chorus of Juvenile Critics,* "'OLLER BOYS! 'ERE'S ANOTHER GUY!"

"THE LAST STRAW!"

*Polite Stranger (to Smorlt, as he is removing his rejected Picture from the C llars of Burlington House).* "PRAY, SIR, CAN YOU KINDLY INFORM ME WHEN THE—AH—ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF PICTURES OPENS TO THE PUBLIC?!!"

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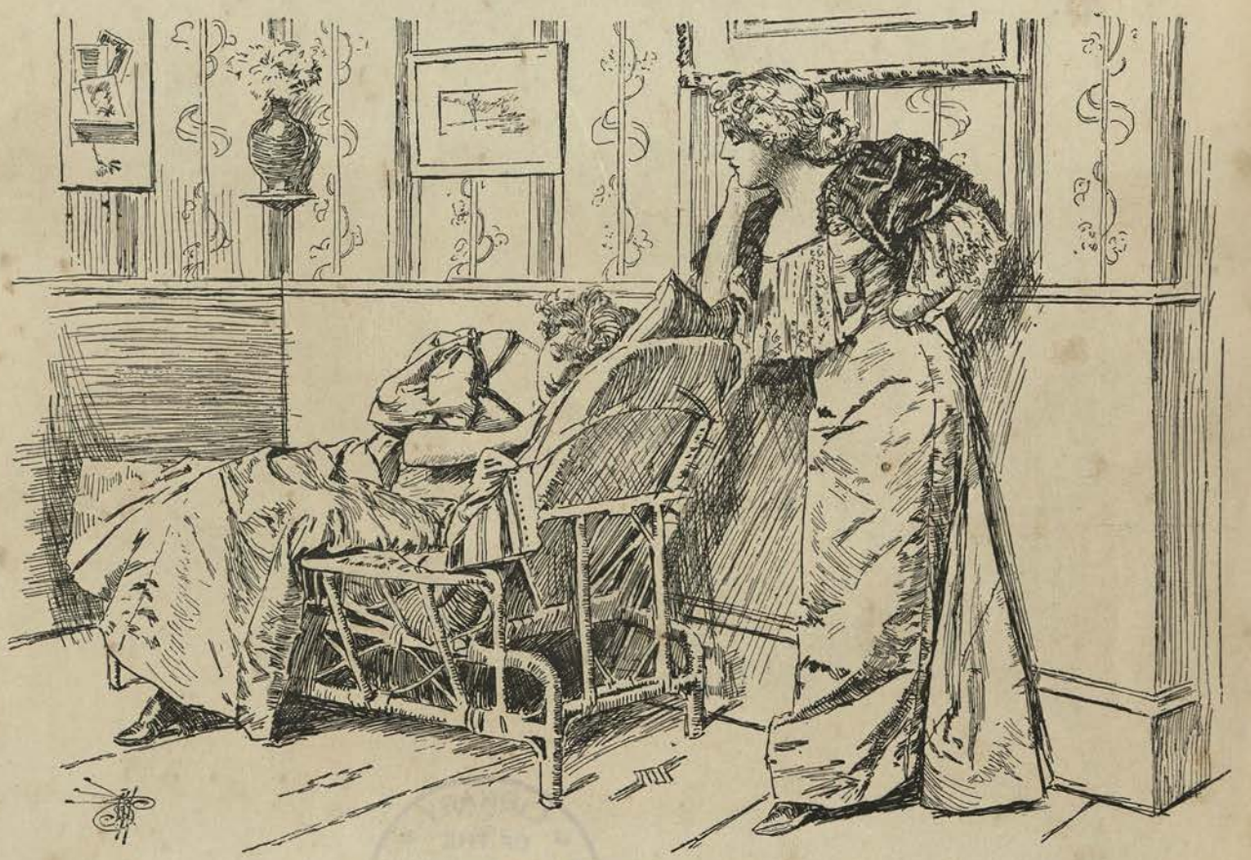
*Little Binks.* "I ONLY CARE TO TALK TO WOMEN WHO LET ME MAKE LOVE TO THEM."

*Big Bounderson.* "I ONLY CARE TO TALK TO WOMEN WHO MAKE LOVE TO *ME!*"

DE GUSTIBUS.



POOR FELLOW!

"WAS HE VERY MUCH CAST DOWN AFTER HE'D SPOKEN TO PAPA?"

"YES. THREE FLIGHTS OF STAIRS!"

## TEMPERANCE LOGIC.

"ALL *I* CAN SAY IS, I'VE SMOKED AND DRUNK FREELY ALL MY LIFE; AND HERE I AM AT *EIGHTY*, AS WELL AS——"

"AH! BUT WHO KNOWS BUT YE MIGHT BE A *HUNDRED* BY THIS TOIME, IF YE'D ONLY BEEN A TOTAL ABSTAINER, SORR!"

## KNOWING WHERE TO STOP.

*He.* "YES, IT WAS VERY CONFUSING."

*She.* "IT MUST HAVE BEEN! HAD I BEEN YOU, I SHOULD HAVE BLUSHED TO THE ROOTS OF MY—ER—EYEBROWS!"

## HIGHLY SATISFACTORY.

*Mistress.* "I'M SORRY FOR YOU, JOHN; BUT IF YOUR WIFE HAS GOT SUCH A DREADFUL TEMPER, WHY DID YOU MARRY HER?"

*Coachman (the Fourth Husband).* "WELL, MUM, I HAD THREE GOOD CHARACTERS WITH HER!"

## THE RASHNESS OF IT.

*Peggy.* "WAS YE HEARIN' THAT JEANIE ANDERSON'S GETTIN' MAIRRET?"

*Kirsty.* "STUPIT CREATUR! HOO IS *SHE* ABLE TAE KEEP A MAN?"

BRAVE GIRL!

*Millicent (from the Country).* "NOW, MABEL! LET'S MAKE A DASH!!"

ON THE FREE LIST.

## UNREASONABLE.

"*ARE* YOU COMIN' 'OME?"

"I'LL DO ELLYTHIK YOU *LIKE* IN REASOL, M'RIA—*(hic)*—BUR I *WON'T* COME 'OME."

## A LESSON.

WHAT HAPPENED TO SMITH AFTER SENDING HIS WET UMBRELLA TO BE AIRED IN THE KITCHEN.

## OUR ARTIST

*Is not in the best of Tempers. He has been disturbed often by Barges, and bothered by the Bluebottles, and then he's accosted by what appears to him in this Irritable mood to be an*

*Art-Critic (loq.).* "THE PICTURE LOOKS BETTER A GOODISH BIT OFF, GOV'NOUR!"

*Artist (maddened).* "CON—FOUND—SO DO YOU, SIR!" *[Party makes off hastily, "not liking the looks of him."*

*Tom.* "JACK! WHEREABOUTS IS AMSTID-AM?"

*Jack.* "WELL, I CAN'T SAY EXACKERLY, BUT I KNOW IT'S SOMEWHERE NEAR AMPSTID-EATH!"

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

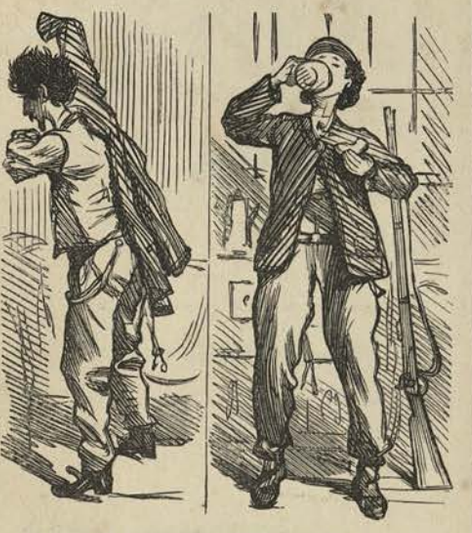
*Old Lady.* "BUT, GOING IN FOUR-WHEEL CABS! I'M SO AFRAID OF SMALL POX!"

*Cabby.* "YOU'VE NO CALL TO BE AFEARD O' MY CAB, MUM, FOR I'VE 'AD THE HIND WHEEL WACCINATED, AND IT TOOK BEAUTIFUL!"

# PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A VOLUNTEER.

PRIVATE GAWKY HAVING TO ATTEND JUDGING DISTANCE DRILL AT 7·30 A.M., SETS HIS ALARUM FOR 6·30, AND IS DISTURBED ACCORDINGLY

AS HE APPEARED AT 6·55.



SO THAT HE IS OBLIGED, AFTER A HASTY TOILET TO MAKE A HURRIED BREAKFAST.

AND BEING VERY LATE, SETS OFF AT THE DOUBLE

PUTS THE STEAM ON,

AND CATCHES THE EARLY 'BUS.

ARRIVED AT THE DRILL GROUND HE DESCENDS, AND DISDAINING TO STOP THE VEHICLE,

IS WHIRLED OFF HIS FEET!

AND HIS RIFLE IS SNATCHED FROM HIS GRASP BY THE OFF HIND WHEEL.

HOW PRIVATE GAWKY EXPENDED HIS RIFLE.

HE LETS GO HIS HOLD, AND AFTER A FEW TREMENDOUS SPINS,

COMES TO THE GROUND

WITH NO BONES BROKEN.

THE CONDUCTOR AND PASSENGERS BUSY CUTTING THE RIFLE OUT OF THE WHEEL.

TS APPEARANCE WHEN EXTRICATED.

HE HASTENS INTO THE PARK, AND REALISES FULLY THE HORROR OF HIS SITUATION.

"HOW, IF HE WERE TO LEAVE IT ON THE GROUND, AND RUN AWAY?"—BUT THE REGIMENTAL NUMBER WOULD BETRAY HIM.

"AH! OR THROW IT UP INTO A TREE?" BUT AN AWFUL VISION—

OF COL. M'MURDO, OR GOVER'MENT, OR SOMEBODY, DEMANDING IT AT HIS HANDS, PRESENTS ITSELF TO HIS IMAGINATION

HOW PRIVATE GAWKY EXPENDED HIS RIFLE.

SO HE SCREWS UP HIS COURAGE, AND RESOLVES TO FACE—

THE SQUAD.

AND THE BUFFOONERY OF THE COMIC MAN,

AND THE UNFEIGNED CONSTERNATION OF THE LIEUTENANT AND ENSIGN.

THE DRILL OVER, HIS COMRADES FORSAKE HIM —THEY ARE NOT GOING HIS WAY!

IN HIS DESPAIR HE IS JUST THINKING OF THE SERPENTINE, WHEN FORTUNE SENDS A FRIEND,

WHO OFFERS TO TAKE THE REMAINS OF HIS RIFLE HOME IN THE RECESSES OF HIS TRAP, TILL IT IS CONVENIENT FOR HIM TO CALL FOR THEM,

WHICH HE DOES SOON AFTER, AND REMOVES THEM IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT TO HEAD-QUARTERS.

HE AFTERWARDS HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH THE SERGEANT-MAJOR, SETTLES A LITTLE BILL, RECEIVES A NEW RIFLE FROM STORE, AND THEN DISMISSES HIMSELF A WISER AND A BETTER (RIFLE) MAN.

## HOW PRIVATE GAWKY EXPENDED HIS RIFLE.

## À FORTIORI.

*Lizzie.* "I WANT SOME TOFFEE."

*Mamma.* "*COFFEE*—NOT *TOFFEE!* TOFFY'S MADE OF SUGAR—AND BUTTER—AND TREACLE—AND——"

*Lizzie.* "THEN, I'LL HAVE SOME!"

## COMPLIMENTARY.

*Artist.* "WELL, YOU SEE, I GOT INTO A RAGE, AND TOOK OUT THE TEN PRINCIPAL FIGURES, ALL THE SKY, AND MOST OF THE BACKGROUND."

*Friend.* "WHAT A *WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT, TO BE SURE!*"

"IN VINO VERITAS."

*Customer.* "PLEASE, SIR, I WANT A BOTTLE OF SHILLIN' PORT."

*Tradesman.* "MY DEAR, WE HAVE NOTHING IN PORTS AS LOW AS A SHILLING: BUT,—*WE'VE SOME DELICIOUS DAMSON* AT 15D., AND IT'S MUCH THE SAME THING."

A WILLING MARTYR.

*Scotch Carrier.* "EH, BIT THAT'S STRONG WHUSKEY! BIT U'LL NO SPILE THE TASTE WI' WATER. U'LL RATHER THOLE'T!"

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"A SOFT ANSWER," ETC.

*Stout Lady Passenger (wincing—he had trod on her best corn).* "PHEW!—CLUMSY—"

*Polite Old Gent.* "VERY SORRY, MY DEAR MADAM, BUT IF YOU HAD A FOOT LARGE ENOUGH TO BE SEEN, SUCH AN ACCIDENT COULDN'T OCCUR!"

THE IDEA!

"I AX YER PARD'N, BUT YER HAVEN'T SICH A THING AS A LUCIFER ABOUT YER; HAVE YER, MISSUS?"

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.

"WELL, CHARLEY, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE OLD HORSE?"

"O! BE-BE-BEAU-TI-FUL, E-E-EA-SY AS A CHA-A-AIR."

## ROWING NOTES.

*By Dumb-Crambo Junior.*

PULLING OVER THE COURSE.

SETTING THE STROKE.

A RATTLING SPIN

FORM SOMEWHAT RAGGED.

PICKED UP BY A SCRATCH CREW.

STYLE AND CATCH

THE CREW WENT RIGHT THROUGH

PULLING TO THE LOCK.

SOME OF THE CREW ROWED OUTSIDE THE BOAT.

PULLING THEMSELVES TOGETHER.

SWING—

—AND FINISH.

## CONSOLATION.

*Elegant Party.* "THERE'S ONE COMFORT NOW-A-DAYS: A GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG FELLER, WITH A HELEGANT FIGGER, CAN ALWAYS BE A MODEL TO A PHOTOGRAPHER!"

AN OBJECT OF SINCERE PITY.

## A PERFECT WRETCH.

*Wife.* "OH, DON'T SMOKE IN THE DRAWING-ROOM, CHARLES!—YOU NEVER USED TO DO SUCH A THING!"

*Perfect Wretch.* "NO, MY DEAR—BUT THEN THE *FURNITURE* WAS QUITE NEW!"

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## SERVANTGALISM.

*Cook.* "WELL, TO BE SURE, MUM! LAST PLACE I WERE IN MISSIS ALWAYS KNOCKED AT THE DOOR AFORE SHE COME INTO *MY* KITCHEN!!"

MATERNAL SOLICITUDE.

*Mamma.* "GEORGINA! GEORGINA!"

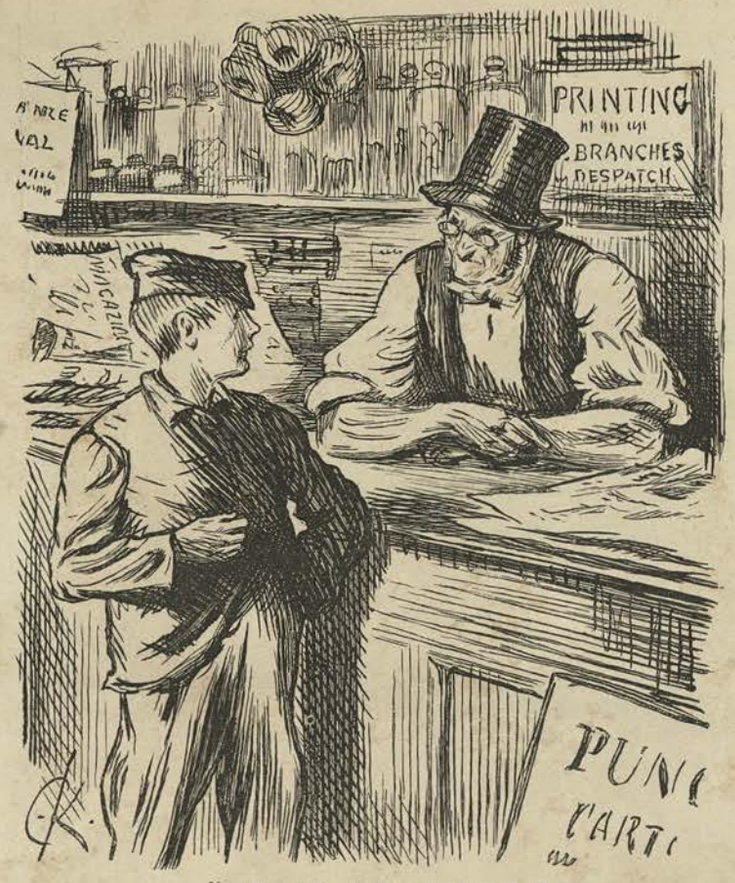
*Georgina.* "WELL, MA. HOW YOU DO FIDGET ONE!"

*Mamma.* "SHOULDERS, MY LOVE; SHOULDERS. PRAY, HOLD YOURSELF UP. YOU'RE STOOPING AGAIN DREADFULLY!"

HEALTHY AND AMUSING GAME.

*Flora.* "GOOD GRACIOUS, REGINALD, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN ABOUT?"

*Reginald.* "OH, NOTHING! WE'VE ONLY BEEN PLAYING AT BEING TOM SAYERS AND THE BENICIA BOY!"




## "FAUTE DE MIEUX."

*Customer.* "GIE MA THE *HUNTLY EXPRESS.*"
*Johnny A'things.* "THEY'RE A' DEEN."
*Customer.* "OD! THAT'S A PEETY! BUT AW'LL TAK' THE *PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.*"
*Johnny.* "THEY'RE A' DEEN TEE!"
*Customer.* "WELL, THEN, GIE'S A PENNYWORTH O' CONVERSATION SWEETIES!"

## MARCH OF EDUCATION.

*Newsboy.* "*PALL MALL, GLOBE, STAND*——"
*Old Gent.* "ANY NEWS, MY BOY?"
*Newsboy.* "*ECHO*, SIR, OR *EVENING STAN*——"
*Old Gent.* "BUT IS THERE ANY NEWS THIS EVENING?"
*Newsboy.* "YOU WANT ME TO GIVE YOU A *PRESSEE*, DO YOU?—SHAN'T!" [*Exit.*
*Old Gent (to himself).* "DEAR ME! A 'PRÉCIS'! THIS COMES O' THOSE SCHOOL BOARDS!"

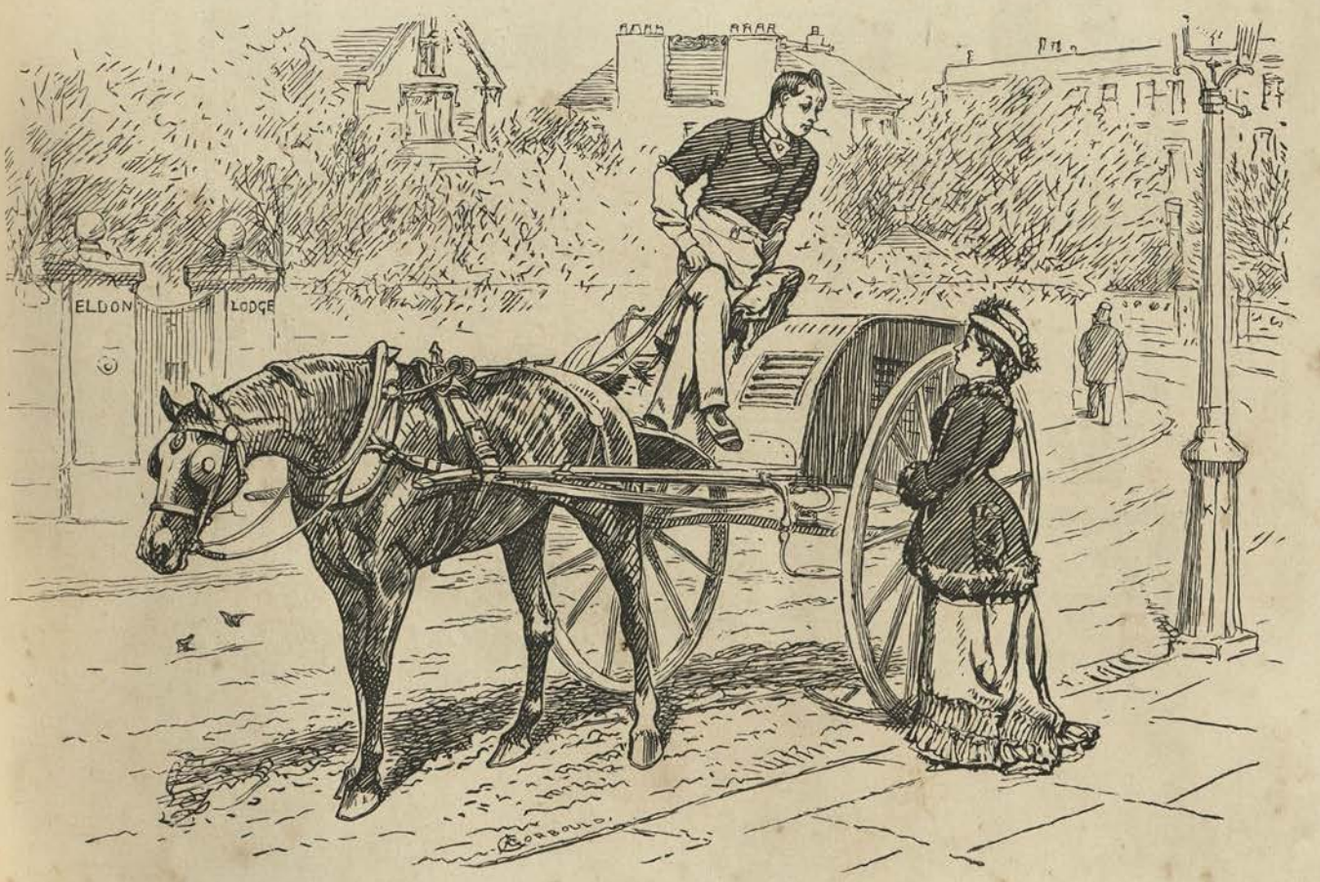
STRICTLY TRUE.

THE TRAINER INFORMS HIS LORDSHIP THAT HIS NEW PURCHASE "WILL TAKE A LOT OF BEATING,"

WINDOW STUDIES.

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE. (THREE CAB-RUNNERS AFTER ONE SMALL PORTMANTEAU.)

AND—SO HE DID




## SETTLED.

*Gallant Young Butcher (to former flame).* "HULLO, JENNY! WHERE ARE YOU LIVING NOW?"
*Jenny (with proper pride).* "WELL—I AIN'T LIVING NOWHERES, I'M MARRIED!"

## BAD BUSINESS.

*New Assistant (after hair-cutting, to Jones, who has been away for a couple of weeks).* "YOUR 'AIR IS VERY THIN BE'IND, SIR. TRY SINGEING!"

*Jones (after a pause).* "YES, I THINK I WILL."

*N. A. (after singeing).* "SHAMPOO, SIR? GOOD FOR THE 'AIR, SIR." *Jones.* "THANK YOU. YES."

*N. A.* "YOUR MOUSTACHES CURLED?" *Jones.* "PLEASE." *N. A.* "MAY I GIVE YOU A FRICTION?" *Jones.* "THANK YOU."

*N. A.* "WILL YOU TRY SOME OF OUR——"

*Manager (who has just sighted his man, in Stage whisper).* "YOU IDIOT! *HE'S* A SUBSCRIBER!!"

## AGRICULTURAL MANNERS.

*Scene—Hounds running across Land occupied by Non-sporting Tenant.*

*Sportswoman.* "NOW, MY BOY, OPEN THE GATE, PLEASE, AND LET ME THROUGH."

*Young Hodge.* "MY ORTHERS IS—'JIM, YOU OPPENS THAT THERE GÄATE FOR NO MAN!' AND AR'M DENGED IF AR DIS *FOR A WOMAN!*"

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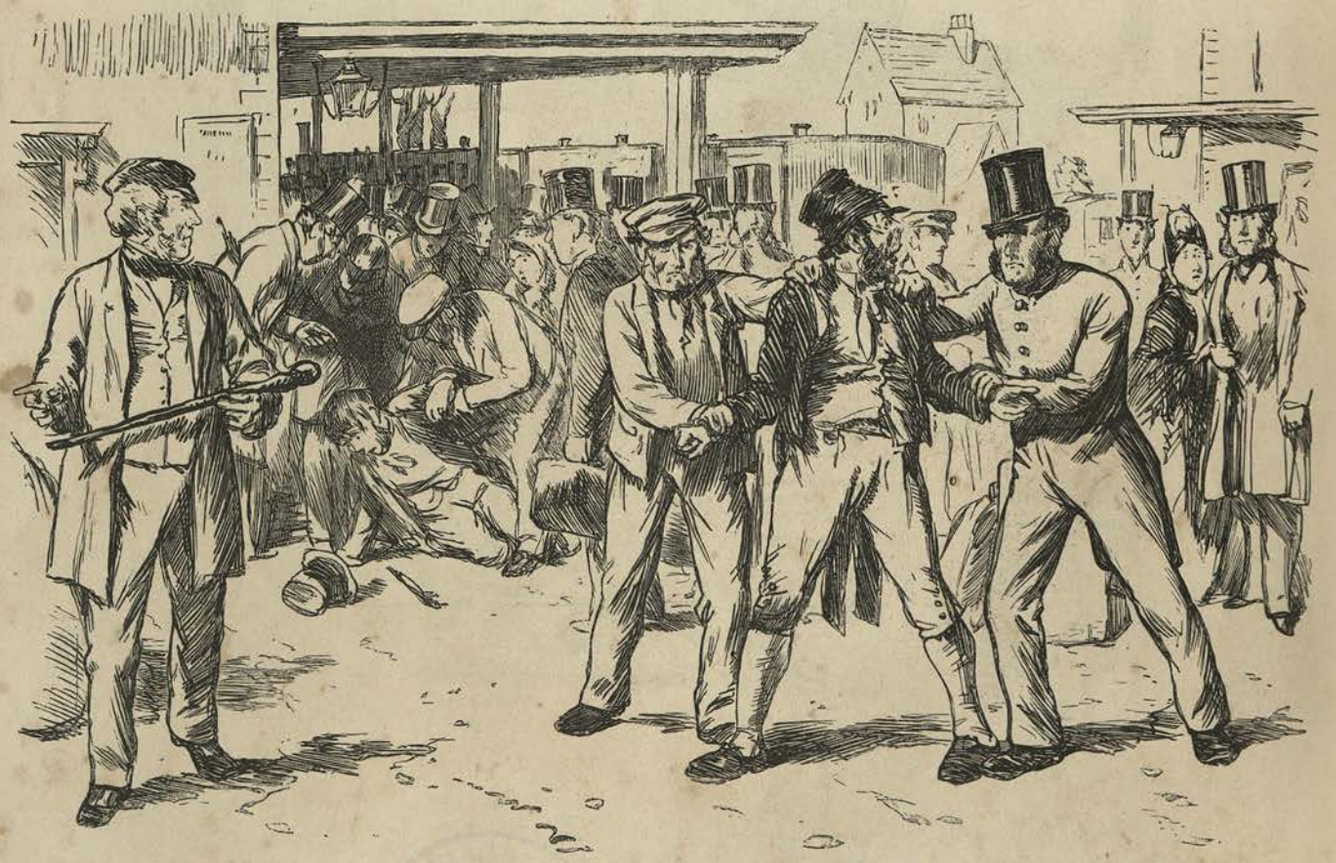
## AN ARTIST'S DREAM,

AFTER SENDING IN HIS PICTURES WET TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



## FROM THE EMERALD ISLE.

*One of the Finest Pisantry (in Custody, having had a Shillelagh difference with a fellow-countryman).* "SHURE! MAYN'T OI SEE ME FRIND AFF B' THE THRAIN, SORR?"

## SOMETHING LIKE A PEDIGREE!

*Sir Snookson de Wardour Street.* "THEY—A—BELONGED TO AN ANCESTOR OF MINE. WE CAME OVER WITH THE *CRUSADERS*, YOU KNOW!" [*No doubt he meant* NORMANS.

## VOLO EPISCOPARI.

*Festive Middy.* "I SAY, GUV'NOR! I THINK YOU MUST RATHER LIKE BEING BISHOP HERE!"

*His Lordship.* "WELL, MY BOY, I HOPE I DO! BUT WHY DO YOU ASK?"

*Festive Middy.* "OH, I'VE JUST BEEN TAKING A WALK THROUGH THE CITY, AND—I *SAY!*—THERE *IS* AN UNCOMMONLY GOOD-LOOKING LOT O' GIRLS ABOUT, AND *NO* MISTAKE!"

## CONSOLATORY

*Royal Academician (and a "Hanger," to McGilpin, who has had both his Pictures turned out).* "YOU'D BE SURPRISED, SIR, AT THE ACCURACY AND RAPIDITY WITH WHICH, FROM LONG PRACTICE, WE CAN DECIDE AT A GLANCE ON THE—AH—MERITS OF THE PICTURES AS THEY PASS BEFORE US!!"

## "EASIER SAID THAN DONE."

*Stout Traveller (in the Eastern Counties).* "MY LAD—WHICH IS THE-QUICKEST WAY—FOR ME TO GET TO THE STATION?"

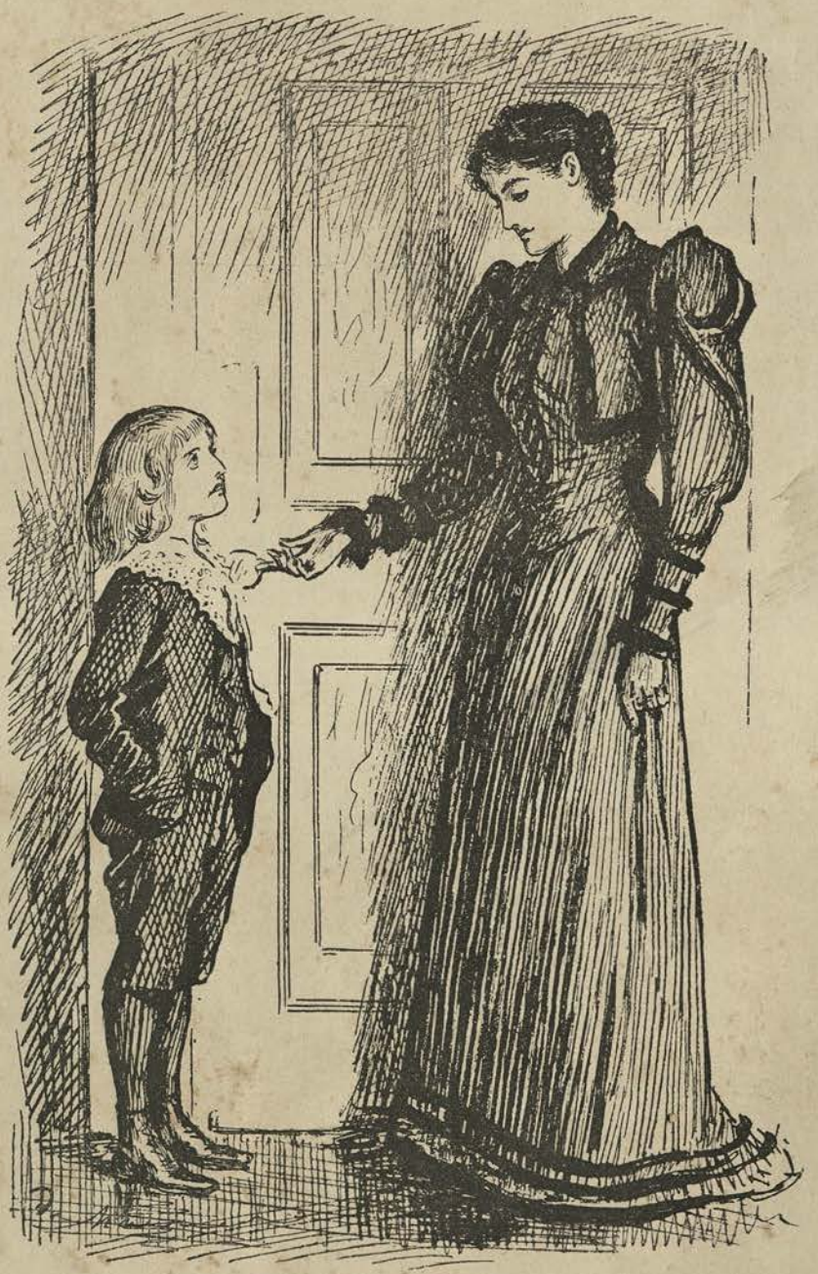
*Street Arab.* "WH' RUN BO'! 'TH' ELSE YEOW'LL SARTAIN'Y LEWSE TH' TR'INE! THERE GOO TH' BELL!!"

## CONSCIENTIOUS.

*Mr. Boozle (soliloquises).* "MY MEDICAL MAN TOLD ME NEVER ON ANY ACCOUNT TO MIX MY WINES. SO I'LL FINISH THE CHAMPAGNE FIRST, AND *THEN* TACKLE THE CLARET!"

## A FINE INSTRUMENT

"OH, I'M GLAD YOU'VE GOT A PIANO IN THE RCOMS! WHAT IS IT?—A BROADWOOD?" "NO, MUM. MYOGH'NY!"



## A REMINISCENCE.

*Aunt Molly (on hospitable thoughts intent).* "YOU SHALL HAVE *THIS* BEDROOM, MIKE—THE SAME THAT YOU HAD LAST CHRISTMAS!"

*Mike.* "OH, NOT *THAT* BEDROOM, AUNT MOLLY!—IT'S CHOKE FULL OF *DREAMS!*"

## A HOME TRUTH.

*Host (sotto voce).* "IS THIS THE *BEST* CLARET, MARY?" *Mary (audibly).* "IT'S THE BEST YOU'VE *GOT*, SIR!

## THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

*Angelina (to her newly-betrothed).* "OH, EDWIN, THERE'S *SUCH* A GOOD-LOOKING GIRL JUST BEHIND YOU! *DO* LOOK!"
*Edwin.* "AH, I'VE NO EYES FOR GOOD LOOKS *NOW*, DARLING!"

MUSICAL COMPETITION.

"A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR, MAËSTRO!"

"REVENGE IS SWEET!"

*Party (who had rung the night-bell at 3 a.m.).* "OH, SO SORRY TO DISTURB YOU AT THIS HOUR; BUT THIS PRESCRIPTION"—*(beseechingly)*—"IF YOU'LL KINDLY—IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE—"

*Tradesman.* "WHO ARE YOU?"

*Party.* "OH, I LIVE AT NO. 4 IN THE CRESCENT. MY NAME IS—"

*Tradesman (recognising former Customer).* "OH—AH—TO BE SURE—I KNOW. WELL—YOU GO AND KNOCK 'EM UP AT YOUR CO-OPERATIVE STORES!!" *[Shuts window viciously.*

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## A HAPPY NOTION.

*Johnny.* "OH, I SAY, GRANMA! S'POSE YOU PRETEND BEING A LITTLE PONY AND I RIDE ABOUT ON YOUR BACK ROUND THE SQUARE!"—*(N.B. Granma feels the heat a good deal.)*

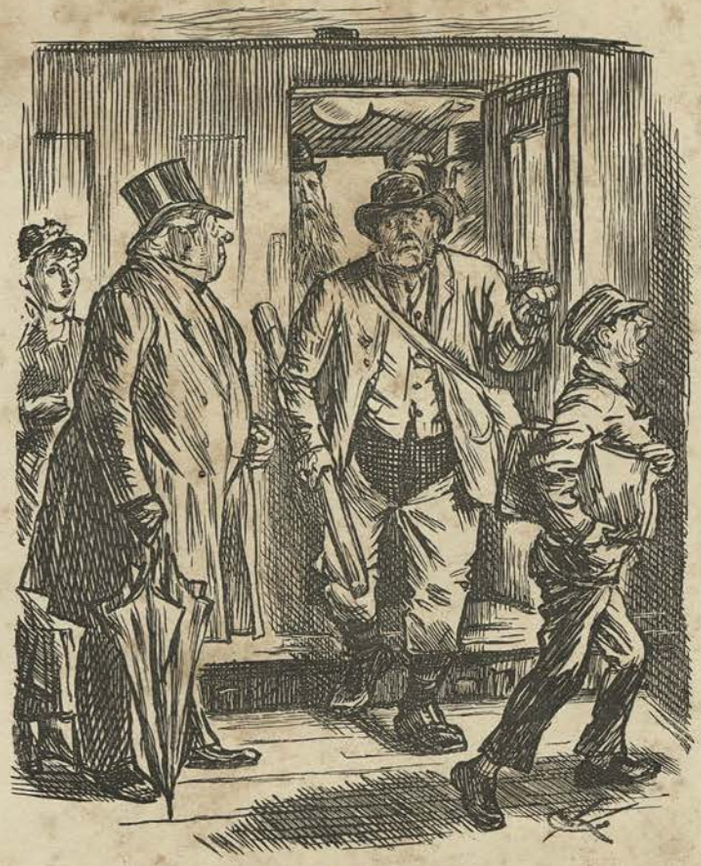
## SCENE—THE HILL.

*Irritated Swell (walking away).* "I TELL YOU I DON'T WANT TO BE BRUSHED!"

*Public Coat-Brusher.* "OH, JUST TO MAKE YOU A LITTLE TIDY, MY LORD!"

*Swell.* "I SHAN'T PAY YOU!"

*Coat-Brusher (still brushing).* "THAT AIN'T O' NO CONSEQUENCE, MY LORD; BUT I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU LOOK RESPECTABLE!"



## A BLANK DAY.

*Old Gent (greeting Friend).* "HULLO, JORKINS! 'BEEN FISHING? WHAT DID YOU CATCH?"

*Jorkins (gloomily).* "HA'-PAST SIX TRAIN HOME!"

## CANDOUR.

*Pastor (who was preparing his Pupils for Confirmation).* "NOW, MY BOY, TELL ME, WHO IS YOUR SPIRITUAL AND GHOSTLY ENEMY?"

*Pupil (after painful hesitation).* "PLEASE, SIR, YOU ARE, SIR!"

## PASSIONATE FEMALE LITERARY TYPES.

*(The OLD School.)*

*Miss Waly (Author of "Boots and Spurs and a Baritone Voice!").* "HONESTLY, LUCILLA, HAVE YOU *EVER* MET THE MAN YOU COULDN'T LOVE?"

*Miss Thrump (who wrote "Oh, the Meeting of the Lips!").* "NO, CLARISSA! HAVE *YOU?*"

*Miss Waly.* "OH, NEVER, *NEVER!* AND I EARNESTLY TRUST I *NEVER SHALL!*"

## NOT A GOOD JUDGE.

"CAN I GO ABROAD TO FINISH, MA?"

"NO. IT'S TIME YOU WERE MARRIED; AND MEN DON'T CARE HOW ILL-EDUCATED A WOMAN IS."

"YOU SHOULDN'T JUDGE EVERYBODY BY PA, MA!"

*Angelina.* "WHATEVER MADE YOU TELL UNCLE HARPAGON YOU'RE MAKING £5000 A YEAR—WHEN, WITH ALL YOUR HARD WORK AND ALL MY ECONOMY, WE CAN SCARCELY MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET?"

*Edwin.* "MY LOVE, HE'S WORTH HALF A MILLION, AND IF HE THINKS WE DON'T WANT IT, HE'LL VERY LIKELY LEAVE IT ALL TO US!"

## HUMAN NATURE.

## THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

*Fair Hostess.* "GOOD-NIGHT, MAJOR JONES. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BREAKFAST AT NINE; BUT WE'RE NOT VERY PUNCTUAL PEOPLE. INDEED, THE LATER YOU APPEAR TO-MORROW MORNING, THE BETTER PLEASED WE SHALL ALL BE!"

## A CAUTION TO AUNTS.

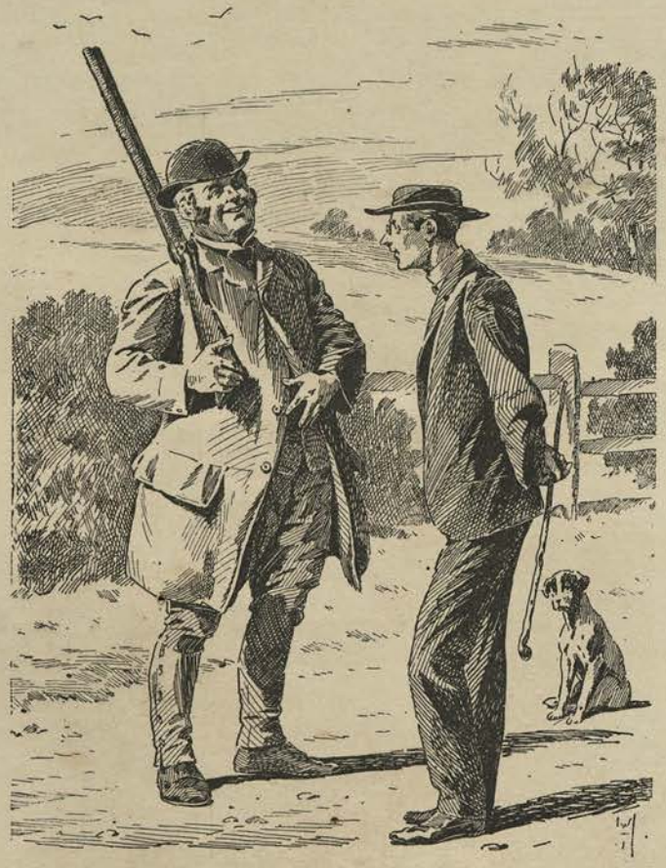
*Pet Nephew, coming to Man's Estate.* "I SAY, GRANDPA', I HEARD AUNT JULIA SAY THE OTHER DAY THAT YOU WERE ALMOST IN YOUR SECOND CHILDHOOD. IN THAT CASE, HADN'T WE BETTER CHANGE HORSES?"

## A RELIABLE SITTER.

THE GREAT DIFFICULTY IN PHOTOGRAPHY IS TO GET THE SITTER TO ASSUME A PLEASING EXPRESSION OF COUNTENANCE—JONES, HOWEVER, THINKS THAT, IN THIS INSTANCE, HE HAS BEEN EXTREMELY SUCCESSFUL.

## CLASSICAL.

*Æsthetic Hairdresser (to Irritable Customer, who said he was in a hurry).* "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT I DON'T MIND ANY TROUBLE FOR A HARMONIOUS EFFECT! I FLATTER MYSELF THERE'S NO OTHER ARTIST IN THIS CITY CAN SO WELL ARRANGE THIS DRAPERY TO IMITATE THE ROMAN TOGA!!"



## DIVERSE AIMS.

*(Early Morning.)*

*The Curate.* "YES, IT'S A LOVELY MORNING, TRENCHERMAN; JUST THE SORT TO GIVE ONE AN APPETITE FOR BREAKFAST."

*Farmer Trencherman.* "AH! A HAPPITITE FOR YER BREAKFAST, SIR. NOW THERE'S THE DIFFERENCE, YER SEE. I BE COME OUT FUR TO GET A BREAKFAST FOR MY HAPPITITE!"

## A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

*Tommy.* "OH, I S'Y! PARTRIDGES!"

*Harry.* "PARTRIDGES BE BLOWED! WHY, THERE AIN'T *NO* PARTRIDGES TILL SEPTEMBER, THERE AIN'T!"

"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE," ETC.

*Sissy.* "MAMMA, DOES *DEMI-TOILETTE* MEAN *HALF-DRESSED*, LIKE MRS. ROBINS IS WHEN SHE COMES HERE TO DINNER?"

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

SHE HAD BEEN TO THE STATE BALL—AND HER NAME WAS OMITTED IN EVERY LIST NEXT MORNING!

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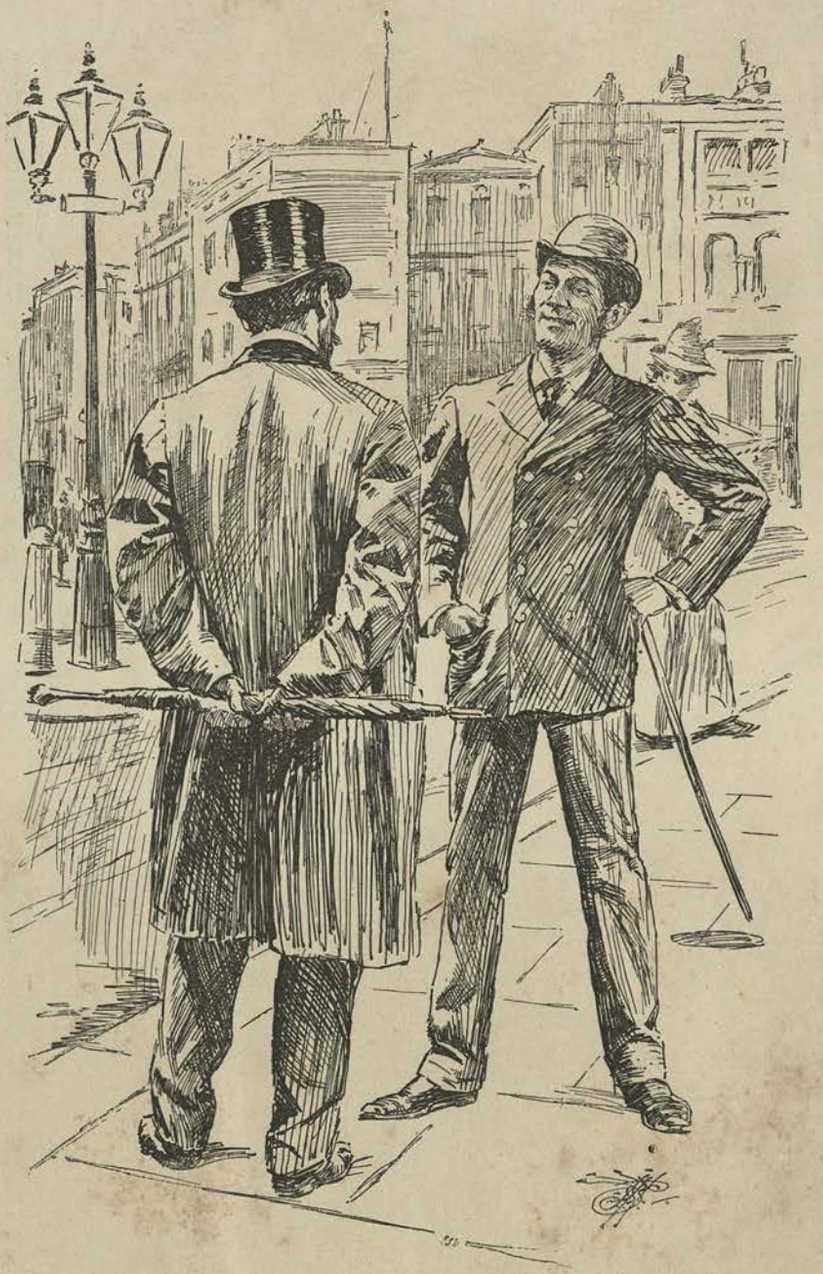


## FAMILIAR PHRASE EXPLAINED.

*Robinson.* "WELL, OLD CHAP, HOW DID YOU SLEEP LAST NIGHT?"

*Smith (who had dined out).* "'LIKE A TOP.' AS SOON AS MY HEAD TOUCHED THE PILLOW, IT WENT ROUND AND ROUND!"

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

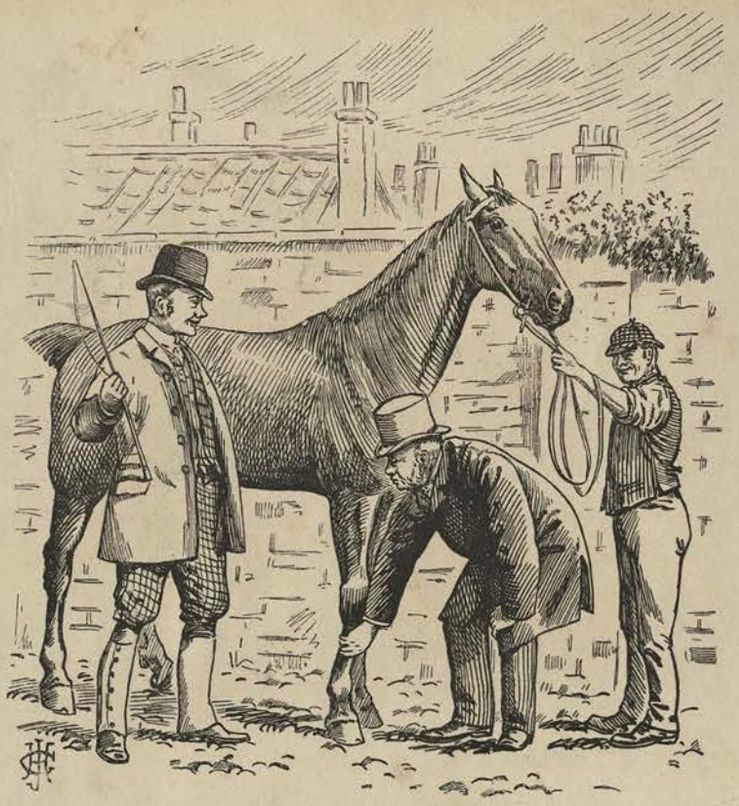
*Hostess.* "HAVE YOU A PARTNER FOR THIS DANCE, MR. GREEN?"

*Mr. Green (who has just chosen one).* "I'M AFRAID I HAVE!"

UNLUCKY SPEECHES.

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY!" SAYS THE BASHFUL JONES TO FAIR BRIDE ON THE OCCASION OF HER THIRD MARRIAGE.

*Cautious Customer.*
"BUT IF HE'S A YOUNG HORSE, WHY DO HIS KNEES BEND SO?"

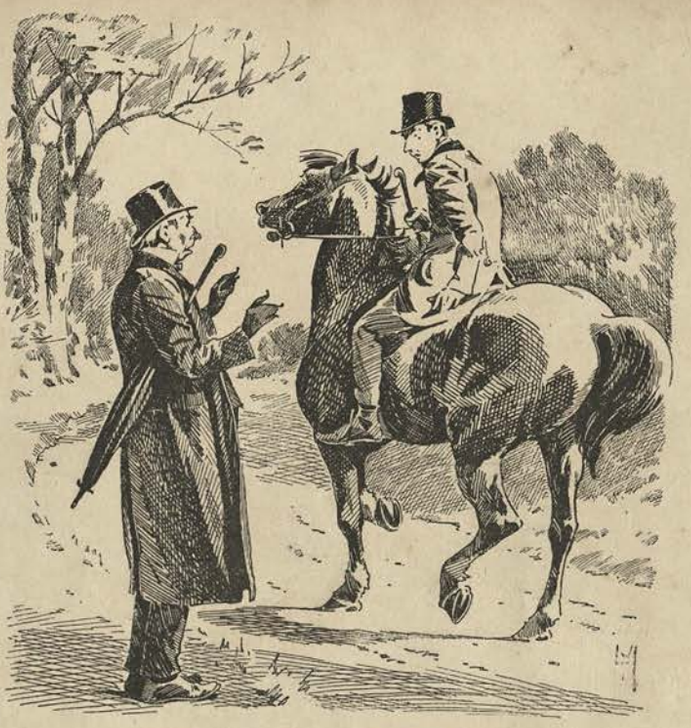


*Dealer (reassuringly).*
"AH, SIR, THE POOR HANIMAL 'AS BEEN LIVING IN A STABLE AS WAS TOO LOW FOR 'IM, AND 'E'S 'AD TO STOOP!"

## ANY EXCUSE BETTER THAN NONE.

## HIS BARGAIN.

LITTLE JONES PICKED UP A WONDERFULLY SMART HACK, FOR AN ABSURDLY LOW PRICE, AT A RECENT AUCTION. THIS IS HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE PARK. HE NOW LEARNS THE ANIMAL FORMERLY BELONGED TO BUFFALO BILL'S CIRCUS.

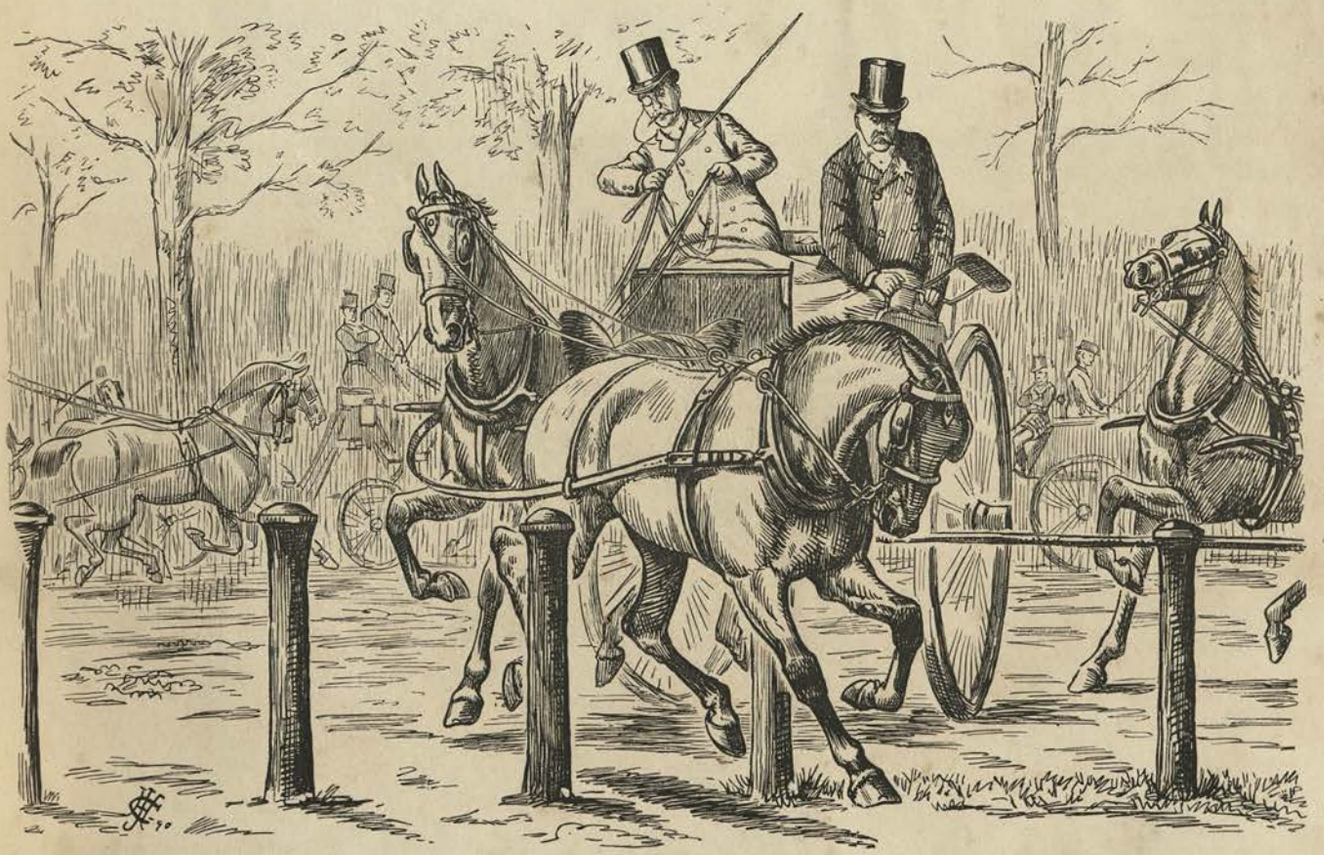


## THE WORD IN SEASON?

*Countryman.* "BE OI ROIGHT FOR EPSOM, MAISTER?"

*Minister Stiggins (who never misses his opportunity).* "EPSOM? YOUNG MAN! YOUNG MAN! KNOW YE NOT THAT YOU ARE ON THE WAY TO TOPHET?"

*Countryman.* "AH! DENGED IF OI DIDN'T THINK OI'D TOOK A WRONG TURN SOMEWHERES!"



## HINTS FOR THE PARK.

DON'T TRY TO TURN YOUR TANDEM AT THE TROT, PARTICULARLY *IF YOUR* LEADER IS OF A SOMEWHAT WILFUL DISPOSITION.

LIFE IN LEITRIM.

*Saxon Angler.* "OH, BUT I CAN'T TRY FOR A SALMON. I HAVEN'T GOT A LICENCE—"

*Native.* "IS IT A LICENCE YE WANT TO KILL A FISH? SHURE YE MIGHT KILL A MAN OR TWO ABOUT HERE AN' NOBODY'D SAY A WORRD T'YE!"

"THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS."

*Rustious.* "YES; I GROW ALL MY OWN VEGETABLES—MY OWN POTATOES, MY OWN CUCUMBERS, ASPARAGUS, GRAPES, APPLES—EVERYTHING!"

*Urbanus.* "AH! AND THESE ARE YOUR OWN CHILDREN, OF COURSE? UM—SEASON SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN A LITTLE BACKWARD WITH *THEM*, OLD CHAP!"

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*(The Judge is not at home, and Brown, Q.C., asks permission to write him a Note.)*

*Mary Elizabeth Jane.* "WOULD YOU LIKE THIS BOOK, SIR? MASTER ALWAYS USES IT WHEN HE WRITES LETTERS!"

*[Heavens! it's an English Dictionary!*

HOW THINGS WILL OUT.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

*Auntie.* "ARCHIE, RUN UP TO THE HOUSE, AND FETCH MY RACKET. THERE'S A DEAR!"

*Archie (preparing to depart).* "ALL RIGHT. BUT I SAY, AUNTIE, DON'T LET ANYBODY TAKE MY SEAT, WILL YOU?"

## SHORT-LIVED PLEASURE.

PORTRAIT OF A LITERARY FRIEND, WHO, LIVING IN A MAIN THOROUGHFARE, WAS AN ARDENT SUPPORTER OF THE 'BUS STRIKE, SUBSCRIBED TO ITS FUNDS, AND HOPED IT MIGHT LONG CONTINUE. HE SAYS HE HASN'T HAD SUCH A QUIET TIME WITH HIS BOOKS FOR YEARS. BUT ALAS! THE STRIKE ENDED ABRUPTLY.

## A WARNING.

BEFORE THE CYCLUS.

AFTER THE CYCLUS.

## FAUTE DE MIEUX.

*Constance.* "CAUGHT ANY FISH, ARCHIE?"
*Constance.* "HAD ANY BITES?"
*Constance.* "TROUT?"
*Archie.* "NO—NONE."
*Archie.* "YES—HUNDREDS."
*Archie.* "NO—MIDGES!"

## A NEW SECT.

"AND IS THE NEW CURATE *MARRIED*, MRS. JENKINS?"
"OH NO, MA'AM. HE'S WHAT THEY CALL A *CHALYBEATE!*"

## INDUCTION.

"IS THIS THE *NEW* BABY, DADDY?"—"YES, DEAR."
"WHY, HE'S GOT NO TEETH!"—"NO, DEAR.'
"AND HE'S GOT NO HAIR!"—"NO, DEAR."
"OH, DADDY, IT *MUST* BE AN *OLD* BABY!"

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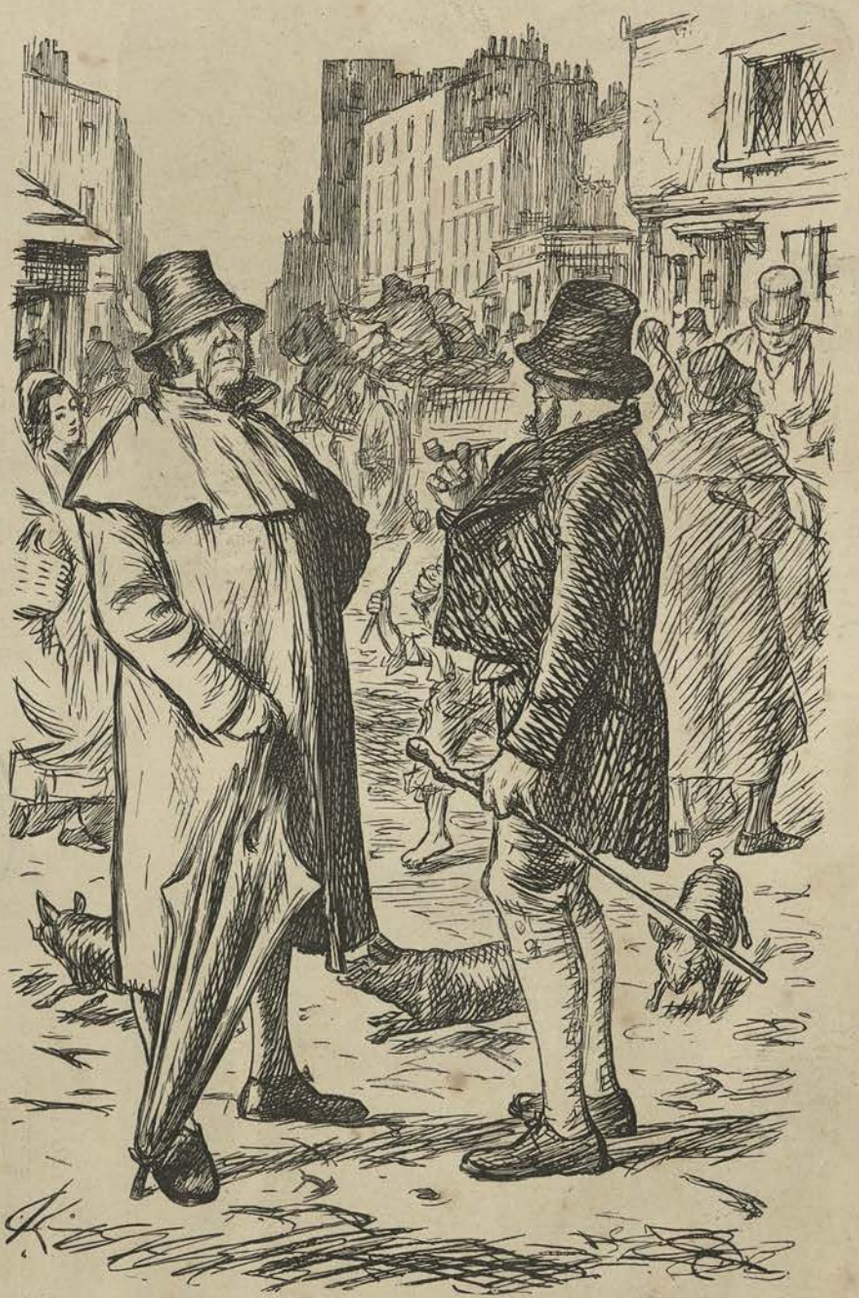
## AN ENIGMATIC GRANDMOTHERLY UTTERANCE.

"ANGELS HAVE WINGS—*HAVEN'T* THEY, GRANDMAMMA?"
"I'VE ALWAYS HEARD SO."
"I HEARD UNCLE GERALD TELL MADEMOISELLE *SHE* WAS AN ANGEL—IN THE SHRUBBERY THIS MORNING—AND *SHE* HASN'T GOT WINGS!"
"NO; BUT *SHE'LL HAVE TO FLY!*" *[Uncle Gerald is the son and heir.*



BOYS AT PLAY (AFTER AN EXECUTION).

*First Kilkenny "Boy."* "DID YE SEE THE COCK-FIGHTIN' AT PAT DALY'S LASST NIGHT?"
*Second Kilkenny "Boy."* "I DID NOT."
*First Kilkenny "Boy."* "DID YE SEE THE 'BOYS' 'SUFFER-R,' THIS MORNIN'?"
*Second Kilkenny "Boy" (listlessly).* "I DID NOT."
*First Kilkenny "Boy."* "AH, THIN, YE TAKE NO DELIGHT OUT O' YERSELF, AT ALL, AT ALL!"

# MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

## PUZZLED VISITORS.

"MON DIEU, ALPHONSE! REGARDEZ-DONC. OMMENT APPELLE-T-ON CETTE MACHINE LÀ?"
"TIENS, C'EST DRÔLE—MAIS JE NE SAIS PAS."

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## CROWDED STATE OF LODGING-HOUSES.

*Lodging-House Keeper.* "ON'Y THIS ROOM TO LET, MEM. A FOUR POST—A TENT—AND A VERY COMFORTABLE DOUBLE-BEDDED CHEST OF DRAWERS FOR THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN."



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DINING-ROOMS.

*Waiter (to Chinaman).* "VERY NICE BIRD'S-NEST SOUP, SIR?—YES, SIR!—RAT PIE, SIR, JUST UP—YES, SIR!—AND A NICE LITTLE DOG TO FOLLER—YES, SIR!"

PERFIDIOUS ALBION LETS HIS DRAWING-ROOM FLOOR TO A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER.—THE RESULT.

## A STAGGERER FOR AN EXCURSIONIST.

*Foreigner (with profuse gesticulation).* "PARDON, M'SIEU! FAUT-IL ALLER À DROITE, À GAUCHE, OU EN FACE, POUR ME RENDRE À PEEK-A-PEEK-A-DELEE?" *(Piccadilly.)*

## THE CRUSH R'OOM AT THE OPERA.

"MR. CHAWBACON'S CART STOPS THE WAY!"

THE NORTH-AMERICAN LODGERS.

A DELICATE ATTENTION.

AN OLD GENTLEMAN, ANXIOUS THAT HIS WIFE SHOULD POSSESS SOME TRIFLE FROM THE GREAT EXHIBITION, PURCHASES (AMONGST OTHER THINGS) THE STUFFED ELEPHANT, AND THE MODEL OF THE DODO.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

FOR EXAMPLE, WHEN YOU GET THE ASPARAGUS SHOT OVER YOUR FAVOURITE DRESS-COAT WITH THE SILK FACINGS.

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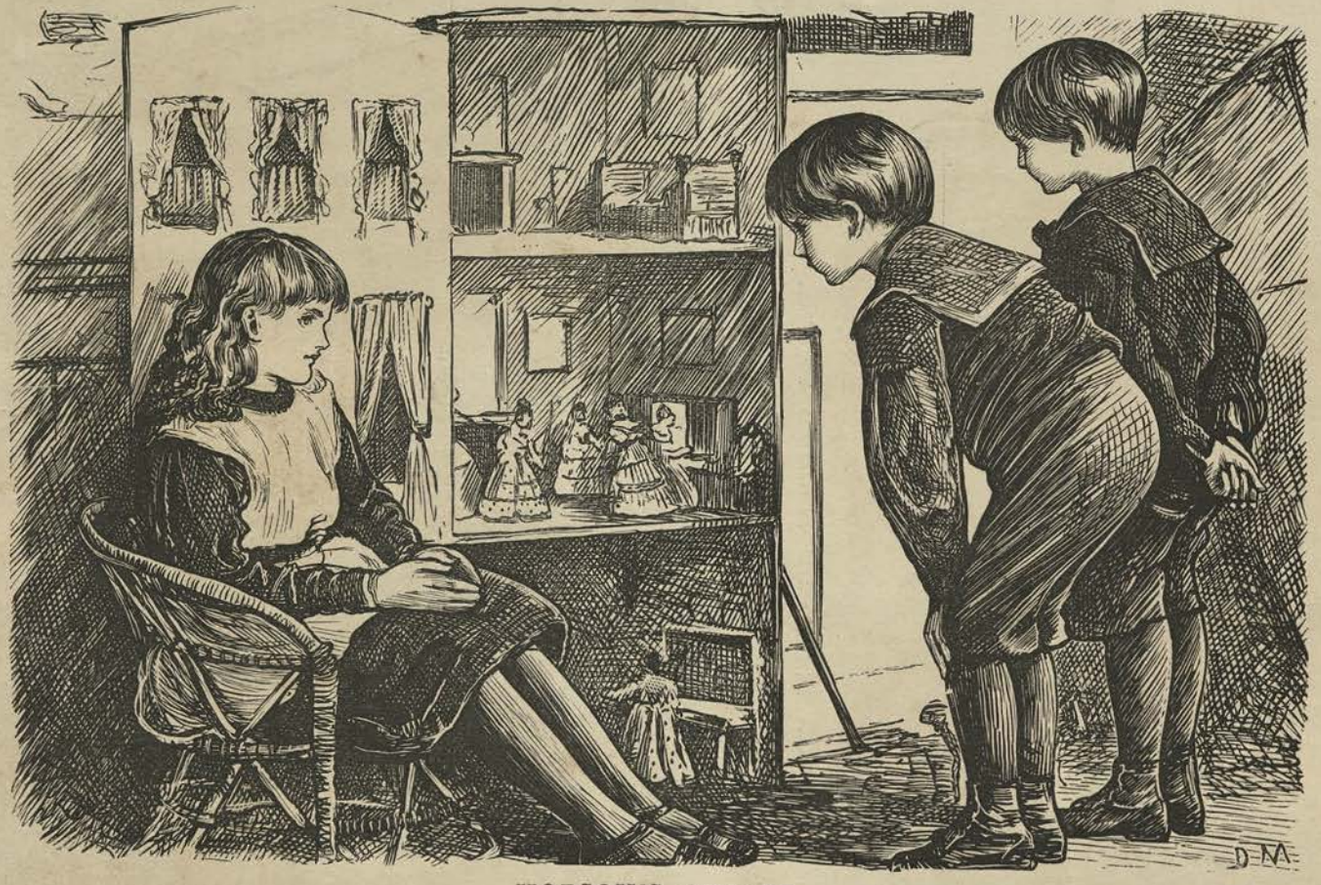
CRITICAL POSITION.

SMUDGBY'S RICH UNCLE HAS INCAUTIOUSLY ENTERED HIS NEPHEW'S STUDIO AS HE WAS MAKING STUDIES FOR HIS "BALACLAVA CHARGE."



## HOBSON'S CHOICE.

*Ethel.* "ISN'T IT SAD, ARTHUR? THERE'S THE DRAWING-ROOM CLEARED FOR A DANCE, AND ALL THE DOLLS READY TO BEGIN, ONLY THEY'VE GOT NO PARTNERS!"

*Arthur.* "WELL, ETHEL! THERE'S THE FOUR GENTLEMEN IN MY NOAH'S ARK; BUT THEY DON'T LOOK AS IF THEY CARED VERY MUCH ABOUT *DANCING*, YOU KNOW!"

A SOLEMN ADMONITION.

"NOW, TEA-KETTLE! DON'T YOU SING ON A SUNDAY!"

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

"O DEAR ME! HAS TITTENS DOT *PINS* IN THEIR TOES, I VUNDER!"

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## A CONNOISSEUR.

*Youngster (who has just had a Penny given to him).* "'OW MUCH IS THEM GRAPES, MISTER?"
*Shopkeeper (amused).* "THEY ARE FOUR SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE A POUND, MY LAD."
*Youngster.* "WELL, THEN, GIVE US A 'A'PORTH O' *CARROTS.* I'M A *DEMON* FOR *FRUIT!*"

"ANIMAL SPIRITS."

GOLF. "THE OLD SCOTCH TERRIERS."

UPPISH!

*Stable-Lad (on Outsider showing temper at the Post).* "DID HEVER HANYBODY SEE THE LIKES O' SICH CONDUC'? WHERE'S YER MODESTY? WHY, ONE 'OULD THINK YER WAS THE BLOOMIN' FAIVRIT'!"

"WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT?"

"I'M MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, AS YOU *SEE*, DR. SQUILLS! AND WHO ARE YOU?"
"I'M HORACE WALPOLE!"

A FRIENDLY WARNING.

*First Tramp.* "I WADNA ADVISE YE TAE GANG UP THERE!"
*Second Tramp.* "WHAT WYE? IS THERE A MUCKLE DOUG?"
*First Tramp.* "NO; BUT THERE'S A DANGER O' WARK!"

## FELINE AMENITIES.

"THAT'S YOUR FRIEND, CAPTAIN MASHAM, THAT EVERYBODY SAYS IS SO AGREEABLE! HE TOOK ME IN TO DINNER LAST NIGHT AT SIR JOHN ROBINSON'S, AND ALL BUT TURNED HIS BACK ON ME THE WHOLE TIME!"

"PERHAPS HE'D GOT A *PRETTY WOMAN* ON HIS OTHER SIDE!"

## ANOTHER MISUNDERSTANDING.

*'Arry (on a Northern Tour, with Cockney pronunciation).* "THEN I'LL 'AVE A BOTTLE OF AILE."

*Hostess of the Village Inn.* "*ILE*, SIR? WE'VE NANE IN THE HOOSE, BUT CASTOR ILE OR PARAFFINE. WAD ONY O' THEM DAE, SIR?"

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

*Little Jones.* "YOU'LL GIVE ME A DANCE TO-MORROW NIGHT, WON'T YOU, MRS. FOOTE?"

*Mrs. Foote (who is anxious to show her matronly consideration for Unmarried Girls).* "WELL, I CAN'T PROMISE, AND IF THE MEN RUN *SHORT*, YOU KNOW, I SHAN'T DANCE AT ALL!"

## SO CLEVER!

"SZO! MISS MARY, DEY TELL ME DAT YOU SHALL TELL MY GARACHTER BY MY HANDT!"

"WELL, TO BEGIN WITH, YOU'RE A GERMAN——"

"ACH, IT IS VONDERFUL!"

## A CONSULTATION.

*Patient.* "DOCTOR, MY MEMORY HAS RECENTLY BECOME SHOCKINGLY BAD."

*Doctor.* "INDEED? IN THESE CASES, SIR, IT IS MY INVARIABLE RULE TO ASK FOR MY FEE IN ADVANCE."

## ACCURACY.

"AND WHAT THEN WAS THE DATE EXACTLY OF YOUR POOR HUSBAND'S DEATH?"
"LET ME RECOLLECT MYSELF, MA'AM! WELL, IF HE'D 'A LIVED TO WEDNESDAY NEXT, HE'D 'A BEEN DEAD THREE WEEKS!"

PESSIMISM.

*Squire (at the Gate).* "WELL, MR. DIBBLES, NOT MUCH TO COMPLAIN OF THIS YEAR. I NEVER SAW THE FARM LOOK SO WELL. THINGS GROW AS IN A HOT-BED!"

*Farmer.* "SAD WEATHER FOR WEEDS, SIR!"

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## A STRIKING ATTITUDE.

PATIENCE ON A TRUNK WAITING FOR A CAB.

## PROGNOSTICATION.

WHEN MRS. TUBBLES AWOKE (SHE SLEEPS VERY SOUNDLY), THE MORNING AFTER THAT FARMERS DINNER, SHE FOUND JOHN BY HER SIDE WITH HIS BOOTS ON AND THE UMBRELLA OPEN! HIS EXPLANATION WAS THAT, BESIDES BEING VERY TIRED, HE PERHAPS "FANSH'D THERE WASH 'SHTORM COMIN' ON!"

*[It came!*

## WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST.

WHEN PERCHED ON THE BACK SEAT OF A FRIEND'S DOG-CART; CAN TAKE NO PART IN THE CONVERSATION, AND HAS TO DEVOTE HIMSELF TO STICKING ON!

## VERY MUCH IN EARNEST.

*Editor of Libellous Rag (who has just received a terrific but well-deserved kick).* "DUD YOU MANE THOT?"

*Colonel McMurder.* "YIS, OI *DUD*, YOU THUNDERIN' VILLAIN!"

*Editor.* "OH, VERY WELL, THOT'S ALL *ROIGHT*. OI TOUGHT IT MOIGHT AV BEEN WAN O' THIM PRAC-TA-CLE JOKES!"

## A WET DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.

*Baggs.* "THISH RAIN'LL DO A DEAL O' GOOD, CHARLEY."
*Blobbs.* "O, SHIRTINLY—MAKE WATER SO VERY PLENTIFUL."

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REVIEW.

THE GROUND BEING VERY UNEVEN AND FULL OF HOLES, THE "MARCHING PAST" OF OUR COMPANY WAS LESS "LIKE A WALL" THAN USUAL.

## A FACT.

*Guard (putting in his head).* "THERE ARE TWO THINGS NOT ALLOWED ON THIS LINE, GENTLEMEN; SMOKING, AND THE SERVANTS OF THE COMPANY RECEIVING MONEY."

*[The result, a metallic pass from Gentlemen to Guard.*

## DILAPIDATIONS.

*Architect (who has come down about the "Restoration").* "'GOOD DEAL OF DRY-ROT ABOUT HERE!"

*Garrulous Pew-Opener.* "OH, SIR, IT AIN'T NOTHINK TO WHAT THERE IS IN THE PULPIT!!"

## HOW WE GO TO THE DERBY, AND WHY.

1. CITY CLERKS GO BY RAIL BECAUSE THEY WANT TO GET THERE QUICKLY. FATAL DELUSION!
2. MR. CADDISH GOES FOR THE PLEASURE OF PLAYING THE FOOL.
3. CAPTAIN TEAMER TOOLS HIS OWN DRAG, DELIGHTING MOST IN HIS OWN PERFORMANCE.
4. MR. BILLING PAYS AN EXTRAVAGANT PRICE FOR AN OPEN FLY, ON PURPOSE TO TAKE MISS COOING AND HER MAMMA.
5. MR. RUNNER GOES BECAUSE PEOPLE MUST HAVE "C'RECT CARDS."
6. A COUNTRY SQUIRE AND HIS VICAR COME UP—ONE THINKS IT IS THE THING TO DO, THE OTHER KNOWS IT IS *NOT*.
7. GIPSY GIRLS GO—ON BUSINESS.
8. BILL TATER TAKES HIS MISSIS FOR A HAIRING TO HEPSOM.
9. MR. BOBBY GOES BECAUSE HE'S OBLIGED; AND "MANNIKIN JACK" GOES—TO SEE THE RACING.

OVER THE STILE.

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CAPILLARY ATTRACTIONS.

*Miss Stout.* "THE WORST OF LETTING ONE'S BACK HAIR DOWN IS, THAT IT MAKES THE YOUNG MEN STARE SO!"

## EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

*Railway Porter.* "DOGS NOT ALLOWED INSIDE THE CARRIAGES, SIR!"

*Countryman.* "WHAT, NOT A LITTLE TOOY TARRIER? WALL, THEE'D BETTER TAK' UN OOT THEN, YOUNG MAN!"

## "CANTAT VACUUS."

*Armed Burglar (to Brown, who had pawned his silver Watch and his only Tea-spoon that afternoon to pay the Water-rate).* "IF YOU DON'T INSTANTLY GIVE UP ALL YER PLATE AND JEWELRY, I'LL BLOW YER BRAINS OUT!"

## DIFFICULTIES OF ART.

*Fair Artist (to her Model).* "I WANT AN EASY, GRACEFUL, AND REFINED ATTITUDE, MR. SCRUFF—A GALLANT YOUNG PRINCE, YOU KNOW, ASKING A HIGH-BORN DAMSEL (WHOM HE SECRETLY LOVES) TO BE HIS PARTNER IN A GAY SARABAND. TRY TO *REALISE* THE SITUATION, MR. SCRUFF."

[*Mr. Scruff does try to realise the situation.*

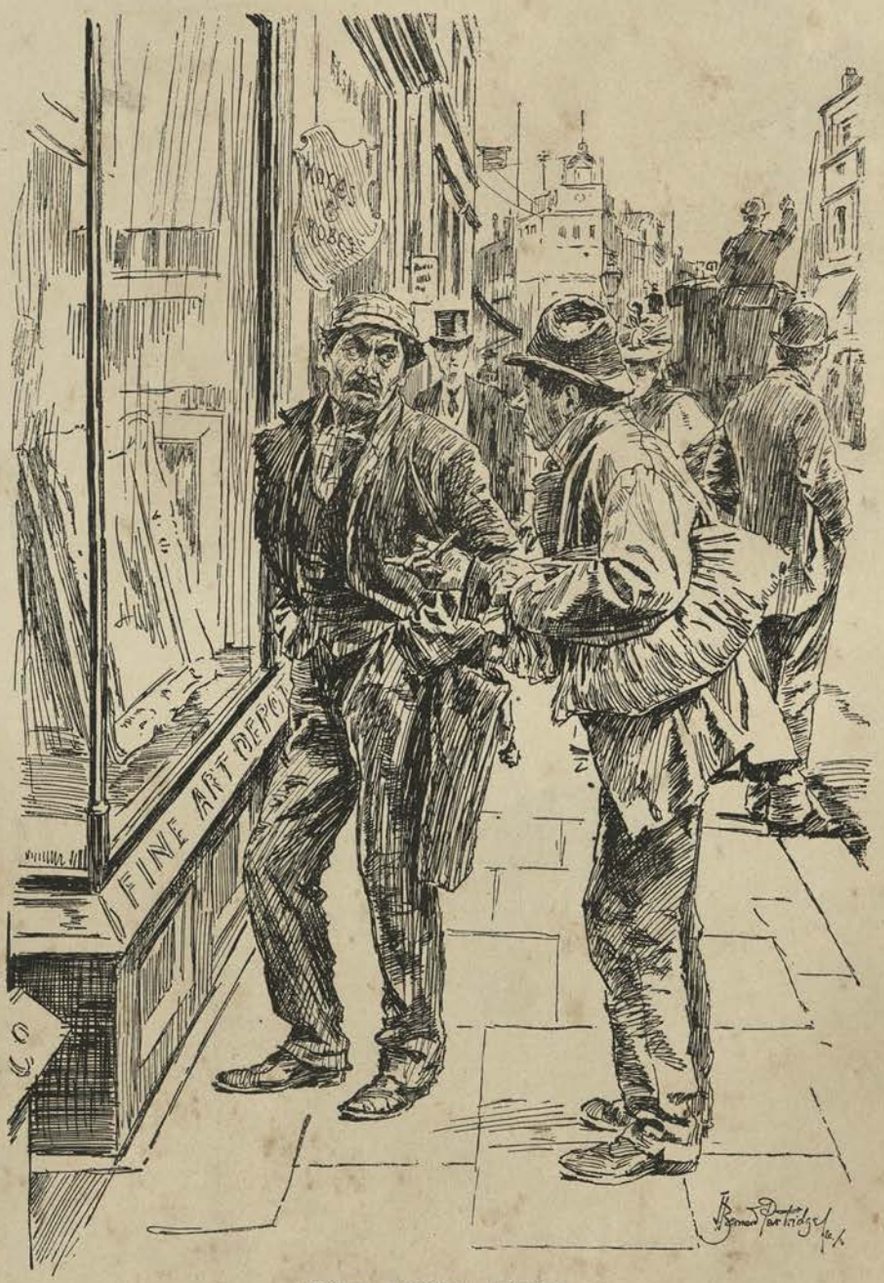
## A VOCATION.

"WELL, MY FINE FELLOW, WHAT CAN I DO FOR *YOU?*"

"O, SIR, PLEASE, SIR, I'M A MODEL, SIR! YOU COULD GIVE ME A SITT'N, SIR!"

"GIVE YOU A SITTING! H'M! HAH! HAVE YOU GOT A GOOD CHEST AND ARMS?"

"O, SIR! PLEASE, SIR! I DON'T SIT FOR THE *FIGGER*, SIR! ONLY THE *FACE* AN' *'ED*, SIR!"




## THE TRUE TEST.

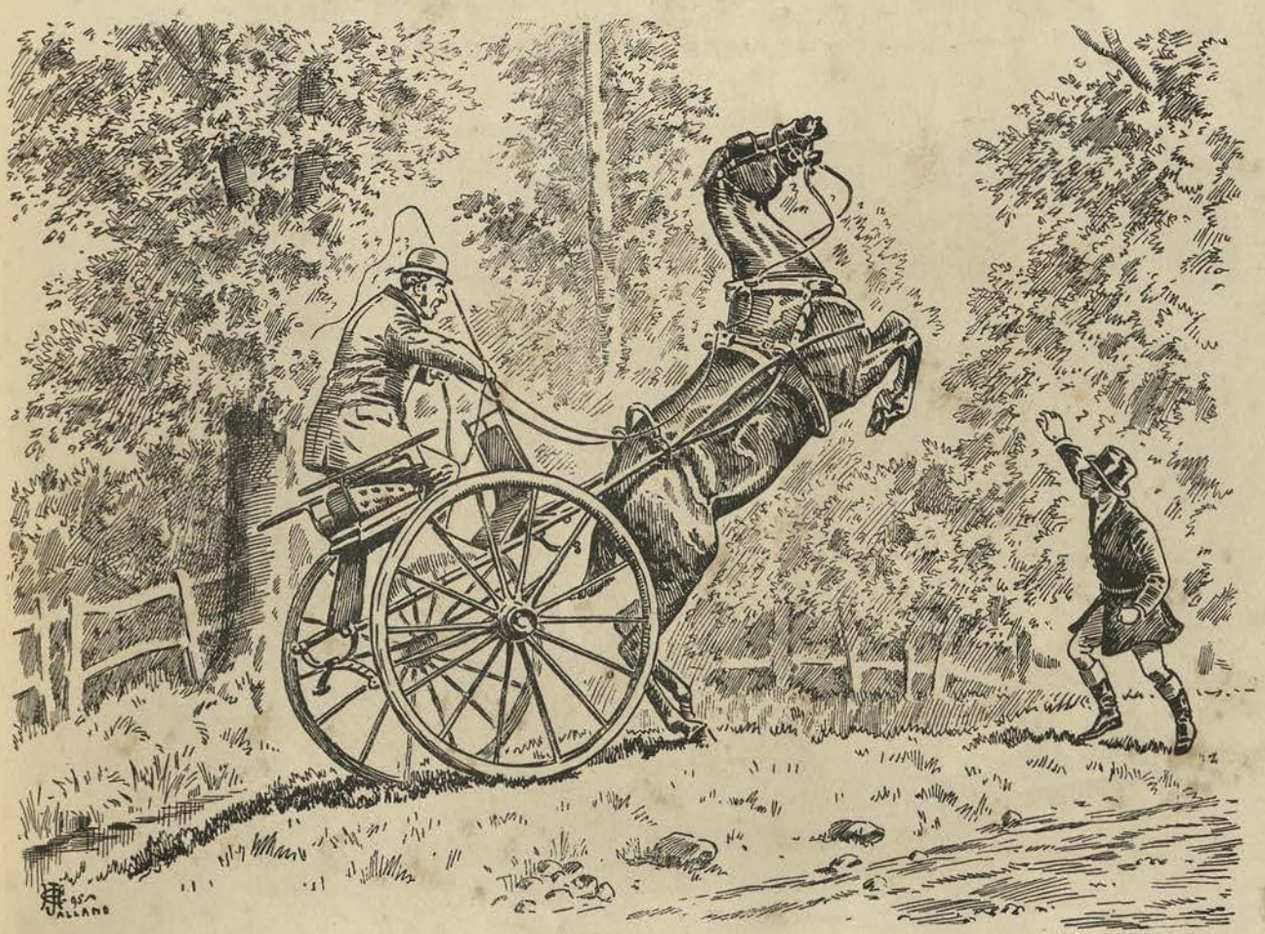
*First Screever (stopping before a Pastel in a Picture-dealer's window).* "'ULLO 'ERBERT, LOOK 'ERE! CHALKS!"

*Second Screever.* "AH, VERY TRICKY, I DESSAY. BUT YOU SET THAT CHAP ON THE PIVEMENT ALONGSIDE O' YOU AN' ME, TO DROR 'ARF A SALMON AN' A NEMPTY 'AT, AN' WHERE 'UD 'E BE?"

*First Screever.* "AH!" [*Exeunt ambo.*

## HOP PROSPECTS.

SAID PULEX THE SKIPPER TO MISS CICADA, "DO YOU EXPECT A GOOD HOPPING SEASON THIS YEAR?"



## "AYE! BUT HOW?"

*Squire (in dog-cart).* "HERE! YOU FOOL! HOLD HIS HEAD!!"

*Orlando.* "TIRED, ROSALIND?"

*Rosalind.* "PNEUMATICALLY."

THE 'ARDEN-ING PROCESS.

"DROWSILY! DROWSILY!"

*Energetic Male (reclining).* "NOW THEN, GIRLS, WORK AWAY! NOTHING LIKE TAKING REAL EXERCISE!"

ÆSTHETICS.

*Indiscreet Sister.* "WHY, HARRY, YOUR LEGS ARE GETTING MORE *CHIPPENDALE* THAN EVER!"

"UNDER CONTROL."

## AND CABMAN NOT SO VERY WRONG.

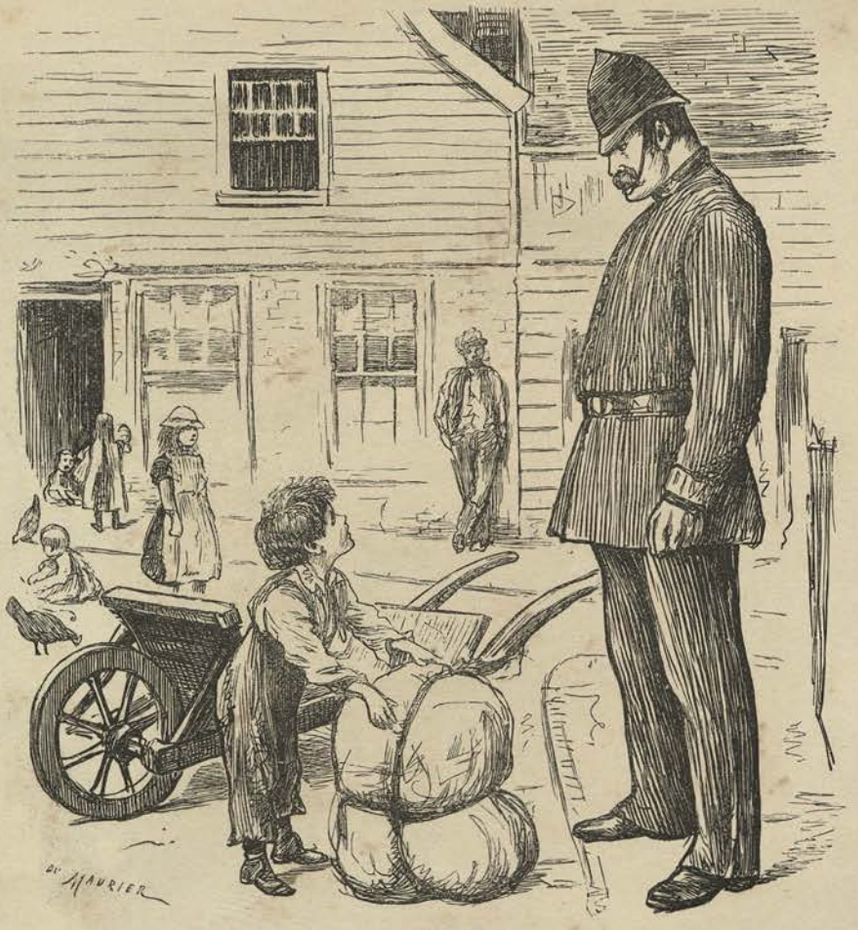
*Irish and Irate Cabby.* "WHAT D'YE MANE RUNNING FORNENST THE HORSE'S HEAD? IF I HAD KNOCKED YE DOWN, AND KILT YE, YE'D BE JUMPIN' UP AN' BLAMING ME."

## DRIVING A BARGAIN.

*Economical Drover.* "A TEECK'T TAE FAA'KIRK."
*Polite Clerk.* "FIVE-AND-NINEPENCE, PLEASE."
*Drover.* "AH'LL GIE YE FIVE SHILLINGS!" *Clerk (astonished).* "EH!"
*Drover.* "WEEL, AH'LL GIE YE FIVE-AN'-THRIPPENCE, AN' DEIL A BAWBEE MAIR! IS'T A BARGAIN?!"

THE BAROMETER.

*Master (soliloquising aloud).* "THIS HAND DOESN'T MOVE A BIT!"
*Housemaid.* "NO, SIR. PLEASE, SIR, I THINK IT WANTS *OILING.*"



A BARGAIN.

"I SAY, BOBBY, JUST GIVE US A SHOVE WITH THIS 'ERE PARCEL ON TO THIS 'ERE TRUCK, AND NEXT TIME YER RUNS ME IN, *I'LL GO QUIET!*"

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"HE HAD A FRUGAL MIND."

*Mourner.* "LOOK HERE. I SHAN'T WEAR 'EM AT THE GROUND. COULDN'T YOU STAND A PAIR OF SLATE-COLOUR INSTEAD?"

*Undertaker.* "VERY SORRY, SIR, BUT WE NEVER DO ANYTHING IN 'MITIGATED'!"

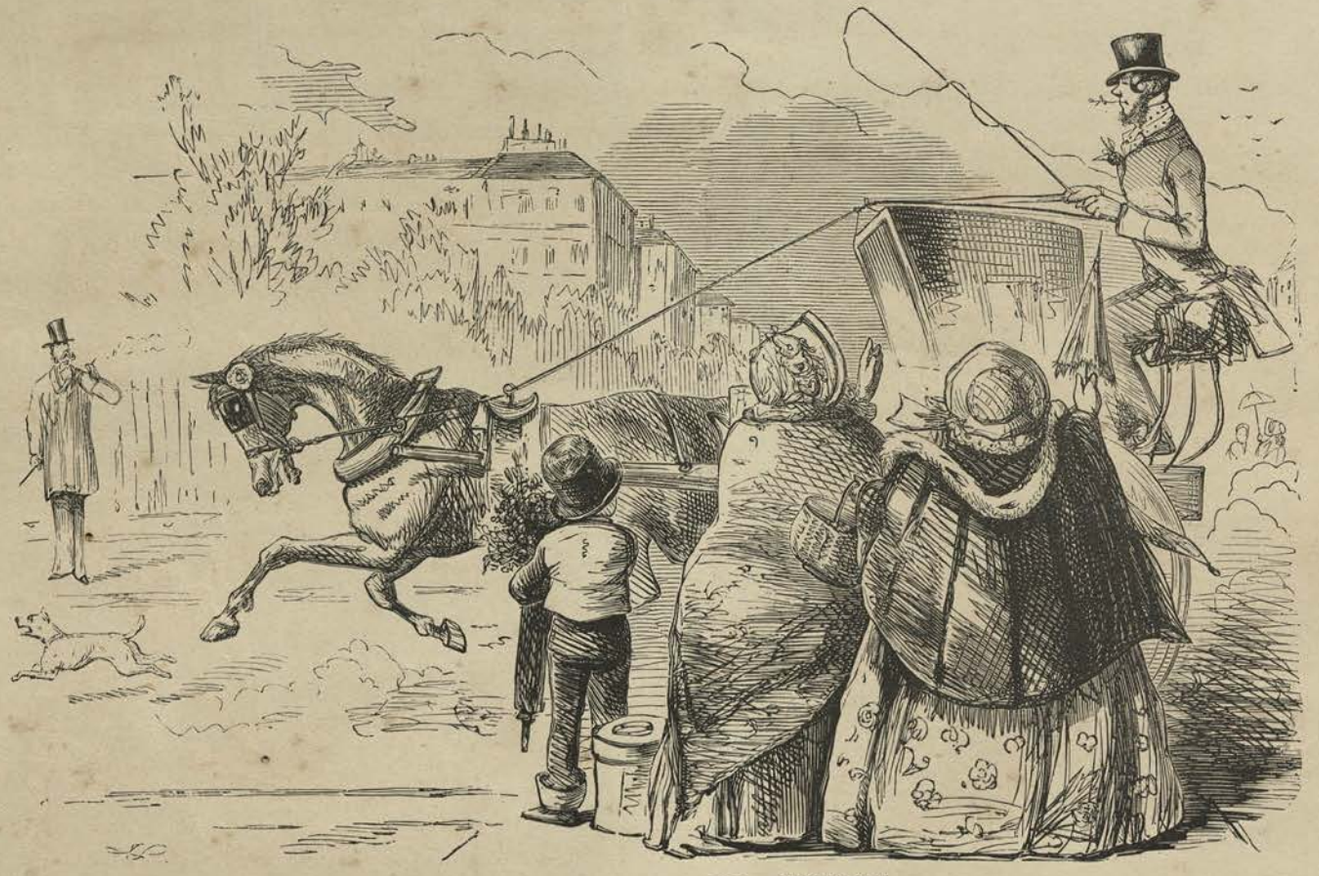
*Delightful Boy.* "OH! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL GO AND PLAY MY DRUM AT UNCLE FOOZLE'S DOOR!"

A HAPPY NOTION.

QUITE SAFE. (A PARK STUDY.)

*Nurse.* "SO, YOU'RE A AIRING OF THE PUGS TO-DAY, COACHMAN?"

*Coachman.* "WELL, MISSIS THINKS JAMES RUNS 'EM TOO FAST, AND REDOOCES THE POOR THINGS; AND SHE KNOWS AS I'LL GIVE 'EM STEADY WALKING EXERCISE, DON'T YOU SEE?"



## WHAT A DREADFUL STORY!

*Stout Party.* "STOP! HERE! CABMAN! WE WANT TO GO AS FAR TER-WARDS WHITECHAPEL AS WE CAN FOR SIXPENCE?"

*Cabman.* "VERY SORRY, MUM! BUT THE OSS HAS BIN OUT ALL DAY—DEAD BEAT, MUM—GOING HOME, MUM!"

A DELICIOUS SAIL—OFF DOVER.

*Old Lady.* "GOODNESS GRACIOUS, MR. BOATMAN! WHAT'S THAT?"

*Stolid Boatman.* "THAT, MUM! NUTHUN, MUM. ONLY THE ARTILLERY A PRAC-T/-SIN', AND THAT'S ONE O' THE CANNON BALLS WHAT'S JUST STRUCK THE WATER!!"

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## SPACIOUS ACCOMMODATION.

THE WERRY FIRST THING AS EVER I DOES WHEN I GOES TO THE CHRISTIAL PALIS, IS TO GIT A CHEER!

*[Observation of Old Lady, July 17th, 1856, as ever was.*

## HARD ON HIS COOK.

"THE 'ORRID MESS MASTER MADE MY KITCHING IN, AND HISSELF TOO, A-CLEANING THAT THERE DRATTED RIFLE, AFTER HE'D BEEN A BOOVIACKIN' IN THE PARK."

*Enthusiastic Amateur.* "YOU ARE NOT A VOTARY OF THE ART, I PRESUME?"

*Bus Driver.* "BEG YOUR PARD'N, SIR."

*Enthusiastic Amateur.* "I SUPPOSE YOU DON'T CARE FOR MUSIC?"

*Bus Driver.* "WELL, I OUGHT TO, SIR. I DRUV SIGNIOR LERBLARSHE'S PRIVATE BROUGH'M FOR A MATTER O' TWO YEAR WEN HE FUST COME OVER TO THIS COUNTRY."

## CONCLUSIVE.

## A BROAD HINT.

*Upstairs Lodger (bursting into the First Floor; time 1.30 a.m.).* "NOBODY HURT, I HOPE? OH, I BEG PARDON, BUT I HEARD SUCH A SHRILL SCREAM JUST NOW, I DID NOT FEEL JUSTIFIED IN REMAINING IN BED!"

## MISUNDERSTOOD.

*Little Girl.* "OH, MAMMA, I'M SO GLAD YOU HAD SUCH A PLEASANT DINNER AT THE VICARAGE, AND—WHO TOOK YOU IN?"

*Mother.* "WHO TOOK *ME* IN, DEAR CHILD! NO MAN EVER TOOK *ME* IN. NOT EVEN YOUR DEAR FATHER; FOR WHEN I MARRIED HIM, I KNEW ALL HIS FAULTS!"

## ON A BREAD-PLATTER.

"WELL, AUSTIN, CAN YOU READ THAT?"

"NO, MAMMA."

"WELL, IT *IS* RATHER DIFFICULT! THOSE ARE OLD ENGLISH LETTERS."

"*ARE* THEY? THEN NO WONDER THE ANCIENT BRITONS COULDN'T READ OR WRITE!"

*Mr. Wuzzles (up for the Cattle-Show).* "CHEESE, WAITER!"

*'Robert.'* "YESSIR! ROCKFOR', COMMON-BARE, GREW'ERE, NOO-CHATTELL, GORGUM-ZO—"

*Mr. Wuzzles (testily).* "NO, NO! I SAID *CHEESE!*"

BEWILDERING.

BONCHIENIE.

*Young Lady Tourist (caressing the Hotel Terrier, Bareglourie, N B.).* "OH, BINKIE IS HIS NAME! HE SEEMS INCLINED TO BE QUITE FRIENDLY WITH ME."
*Waiter.* "OO, AYE, MISS, HE'S NO VERY PARTEEC'LAR WHA HE TAKS OOP WI!"

## CRUEL!

*Lucullus Brown (on hospitable purpose intent).* "ARE YOU DINING ANYWHERE TO-MORROW NIGHT?"

*Jones (not liking to absolutely "give himself away").* "LET ME SEE"—*considers*—"NO; I'M NOT DINING ANYWHERE TO-MORROW."

*Lucullus Brown (seeing through the artifice).* "UM! POOR CHAP! HOW HUNGRY YOU WILL BE!"

*"Exeunt,—severally."*

## BLASÉ.

*Kitty (reading a fairy tale).* "'ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A FROG—'"
*Mabel (interrupting).* "I BET IT'S A PRINCESS! GO ON!"

## HOW ROMANTIC!

*She.* "I SAY, *THIS* IS PRETTY AWFUL! POOR LITTLE MISS MESSUP!—IT SAYS HERE THAT 'SHORTLY AFTER THE WEDDING SHE DISCOVERED HE WASN'T REALLY A BARON!'"
*He.* "WELL, THINK OF THE POOR JOHNNY WHEN *HE* FOUND OUT SHE WASN'T REALLY AN HEIRESS!"

## CONCLUSIVE.

*Scene—Hibernian Table d'hôte.*

*Guest.* "WAITER! I SAY—THIS IS PORK! I WANT MUTTON!"

*Waiter (rather bustled).* "YES, SORR, IT'S MUTTON YE *WANT*,—BUT IT'S PORK YE'LL *HAVE!*"

## MAKING ALLOWANCES.

*The Little Minister.* "HOW WELL YOU'RE LOOKING, MAC-CULLUM!"

*The Big Farmer.* "WEEL—I'M WEEL IN PAIRTS. BUT I'M OWER MUCKLE TO BE WEEL ALL OWER AT AIN TIME!"

## FOREWARNED.

*Claude Merridew, Leaderette-writer, Reviewer, &c. (sentimentally).* "WHENEVER I THINK OF ALTHÆA, MISS VANSITTART I MEAN, I AM IRRESISTIBLY REMINDED OF THOSE MATCHLESS WORDS OF STEELE'S—'TO LOVE HER WAS A LIBERAL EDUCATION.'"

*Algy (following the idea with difficulty).* "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, 'COURSE I KNOW A LOT OF YOU WRITIN' CHAPS ARE LIKE THAT, BUT I THINK I OUGHT TO TELL YOU THAT HER FATHER IS ONE OF THE HEAD JOHNNIES IN THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE."

## WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

*Our Artist (showing his last and most important Picture, the work of years).* "YES, I SHOULD LIKE TO *EXHIBIT* IT; BUT I DON'T WANT TO *SELL* IT, YOU KNOW—AT LEAST NOT TILL TIMES ARE BETTER."

*Friend.* "WELL, WHY NOT SEND IT TO THE EXHIBITION, AND PUT A PROHIBITIVE PRICE UPON IT—SAY TWENTY POUNDS?!"

## AN EXCELLENT IDEA.

HE PERSUADES HIS WIFE TO TRY THE "ANTI-SNORER" MACHINE, AS ADVERTISED, WHICH "*KEEPS THE WEARER'S MOUTH CLOSED.*" HE SAYS YOU WOULDN'T KNOW IT FOR THE SAME HOUSE NOW, WHEN HE COMES HOME A LITTLE LATE FROM A PHILANTHROPIC MEETING!

## SOLD—CHEAP.

*Little Brown (to "Nigger Minstrel," who always addresses his listeners as "My Lord").* "AH, HOW DID YOU KNOW MY—AH—HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS A LORD?" *[Sensation among the Bystanders!*

*Minstrel.* "BLESS YER, MY LORD, I NEVER LOSE SIGHT O' MY SCHOOLFELLERS!" *[Roars of laughter. Little B. caves in, and bolts!*

## TO GOLFERS.

SUGGESTION FOR A RAINY DAY. SPILLIKINS ON A GRAND SCALE

## A SUNDAY DINNER.

*Father of Family (who has accidentally shot the leg of a Fowl under the table).* "MIND T'DOG DOESN'T GET IT!"
*Young Hopeful (triumphantly).* "ALL RIGHT, FEYTHER! I'VE GOTTEN ME FOOT ON IT!"

THE WANING OF THE HONEYMOON.

*Angelina (suppressing an inclination to yawn).* "HOW NICE IT WOULD BE IF SOME FRIEND WERE TO TURN UP; WOULDN'T IT, EDWIN?"
*Edwin (after yawning elaborately).* "YE-E-ES! OR EVEN SOME ENEMY!"

"OPPOSITION."

*First Town Councillor (who had recently been to Venice).* "NOW THAT WE'VE A PEOPLE'S PARK, AND A LAKE IN IT, I SHOULD SUGGEST THAT HALF-A-DOZEN GONDOLAS MIGHT BE PURCHASED, AS THEY'D GIVE QUITE A— "

*Second Ditto (untravelled).* "OH, I DON'T SEE THE GOOD OF HAVIN' ANY MORE O' THEM FOREIGN BIRDS! WE'VE PLENTY O' DUCKS AN' GEESE ALREADY! 'T ANY RATE A PAIR WOULD BE ENOUGH TO BREED FROM. AS TO 'ALF A DOZEN, I CONSIDER IT'D BE A WASTE O' PUBLIC MONEY, AN' I'LL OPPOSE IT TOOTH AND— "

*[They don't part friends.*

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QUITE IN LUCK'S WAY.

"AN UNCOMMONLY LIKELY PLACE, THAT, FOR A JACK, UNDERNEATH THE WILLOWS THERE; AND WHAT'S MORE, I DON'T THINK ANY ONE HAS BEEN HERE THIS MORNING TO DISTURB THE WATER."

HOW VERY KIND!

*Knowing Old Hand (who evidently does NOT want to keep the best of the water to himself).* "DON'T YOU THINK, MY DEAR FELLOW, YOU HAD BETTER FISH FROM THE OTHER SIDE, AND THEN WE SHALL BE LESS LIKELY TO INTERFERE WITH EACH OTHER."

*First Man of the World.* "HEARD OF MISS F.—'S MARRIAGE, CHARLEY?"

*Second do.* "AH! I HEARD IT SPOKEN OF. I BELIEVE IT WAS A MARRIAGE OF INCLINATION ON BOTH SIDES?"

*First do.* "YES! IT WAS A BAD JOB. THOSE MATCHES NEVER TURN OUT WELL!"

MEN OF THE WORLD.

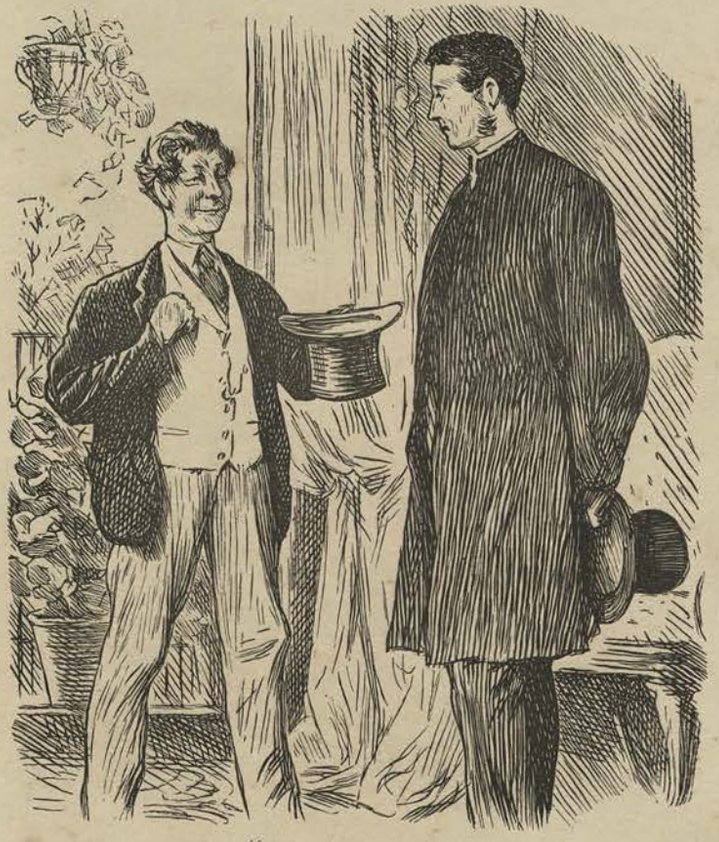
EASILY PLEASED.

*Disciple of Old Isaac.* "THIS WOULDN'T BE A BAD PLACE IF THE FISH WOULD ONLY BITE, AND IT WASN'T FOR THIS CONFOUNDED WASP'S NEST."

LETTING HIM DOWN GENTLY.

*Podgers.* "D' SEE THE LOVELY CREATURE I DANCED LAST GALOP WITH?"

*Smith.* "O YES—KNOW HER VERY WELL. MARRIED TO A CONFOUNDEDLY JEALOUS FELLOW, WHO INSISTS UPON HER DANCING WITH THE *PLAINEST MEN* IN THE ROOM."



"A CAUTION."

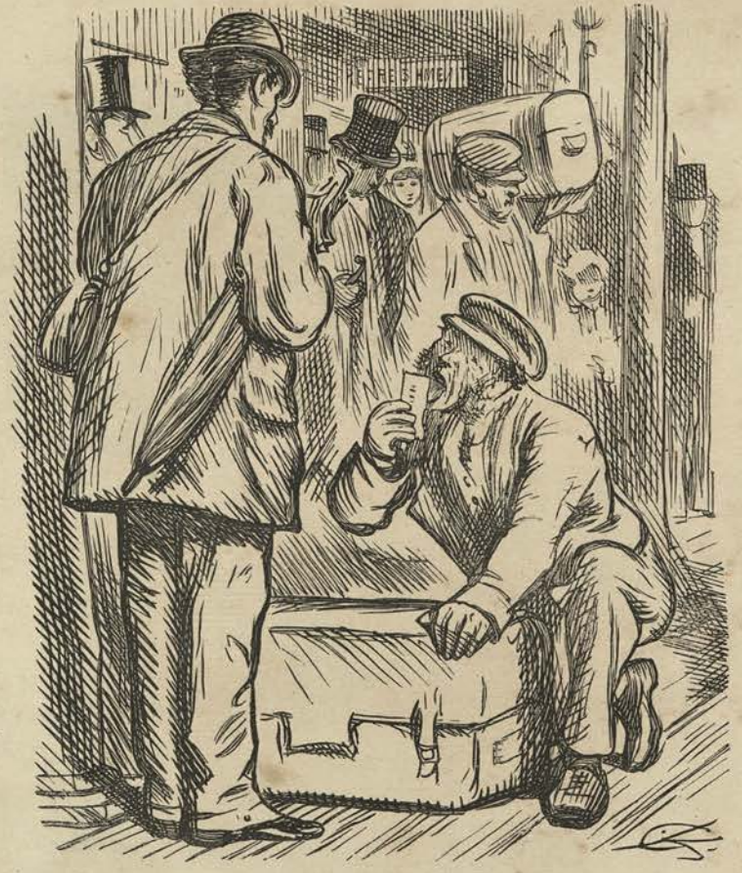
*Comic Man.* "WHAT'S YOUR FIGHTIN' WEIGHT, GOV'NOUR?"

*Muscular Curate (readily).* "TWELVE STONE TEN, SIR; AND IF YOU ASK ME SUCH ANOTHER FOOL'S QUESTION, I'LL TAKE YOU INTO THE BALCONY, AND DROP YOU OVER!"

## TRANSPORT.

*Curate (reproachfully).* "AND I'M AFRAID YOU'VE TAKEN MORE BEER TO-NIGHT THAN IS GOOD FOR YOU, GILES."

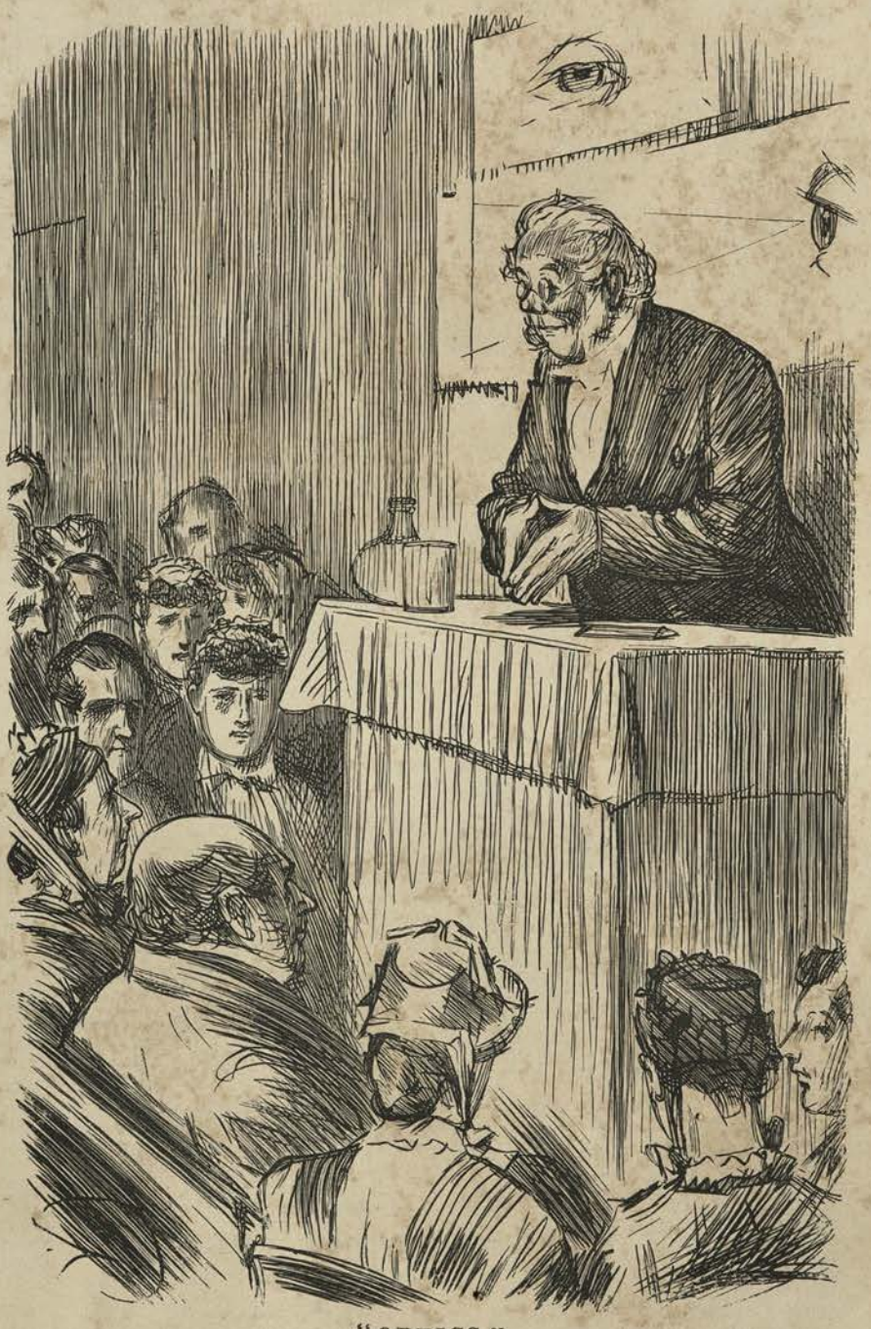
*Inebriated Rustic.* "SURE-LY, SIR, I DARE SAYE I COULD A' CARRIED IT HOM' EASIER IN A JAR!"



## A BROAD HINT.

*English Traveller (to Irish Railway Porter labelling Luggage).* "DON'T YOU KEEP A BRUSH FOR THAT WORK, PORTER?"

*Porter.* "SHURE, YOUR HONOUR, OUR TONGUES IS THE ONLY INSTHRUMENTS WE'RE ALLOWED. BUT THEY'RE ASY KEP' WET, YOUR HONNER!" *[Hint taken!*



"OPTICS."

*Lecturer.* "NOW LET ANYONE GAZE STEADFASTLY ON ANY OBJECT—SAY, FOR INSTANCE, HIS WIFE'S EYE—AND HE'LL SEE HIMSELF LOOKING SO EXCEEDINGLY SMALL, THAT—"

*Strong-minded Lady (in Front Row).* "HEAR! HEAR! HEAR!"

*Gipsy.* "HAVE YOUR FORTUNE TOLD, MY PRETTY GENTLEMAN?"

*Pretty Gent.* "OH! LAWK! DON'T MENTION IT!"

AN EASY FORECAST.

QUITE A NOVELTY.

*Amiable Experimentalist.* "MAKES A DELICIOUS SIDE DISH, DOESN'T IT? BUT IT IS NOT THE COMMON MUSHROOM; IT'S A LARGE FUNGUS, CALLED THE AGARICUS PROCERUS. IT GROWS SOLITARY IN HEDGE ROWS, IS CALLED COLUBRINUS, FROM THE SNAKE-LIKE MARKINGS ON ITS STEM. THE PILEUS IS COVERED WITH SCALES, WHICH ARE FORMED BY THE BREAKING-UP OF THE MUD-COLOURED EPIDERMIS, AND——" *[General Panic!*

## AQUATICS.

WHO IS THIS? WHY THIS IS MR. JOHN CHUB PULLING ONE OF HIS LONG, SLOW, STEADY STROKES. HE IS TAKING MORE PAINS THAN USUAL, BECAUSE THOSE PRETTY GIRLS IN THE ROUND HATS ARE SITTING ON THE LAWN DRAWING FROM NATURE.

AND—HERE ARE THE GIRLS IN THE ROUND HATS.

GOING TO CHURCH—SCARBOROUGH.

GRATIFYING DOMESTIC (POULTRY) INCIDENT.

*Buttons.* "OH! PLEASE 'M! BE QUICK, 'M! HERE'S THE COACHING CHINA A CLUCKING LIKE HANYTHINK. HE'VE BIN AND LAID A HEGG!!!"

## A TRAVELLING TRIBUNAL.

WHY NOT CYCLIST JUDGES AND CLERK AND MARSHAL GOING ALL THE YEAR ROUND, TO BE MET BY LOCAL BARRISTERS?

## A CONTRAST.

1886. 1896.

*Bertie.* "I THOUGHT YOU TWO NEVER MET WITHOUT KISSING. ANYTHING THE MATTER?

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER?"

*Muriel.* "NO, YOU SILLY! HATS!"

SUNDERED LIVES.

A FASHION.

"DEAR UNCLE BEN,—YOU'RE ALWAYS SO KIND!—*WOULD* YOU SIT ON MY BONNET A LITTLE? I'VE TAKEN OUT THE PINS."

A QUICK EYE.

*Ragged Urchin (who has just picked up very short and dirty end of a Cigarette).* "HI, BILLY! LOOK 'ERE! SEE WHAT YOU'VE MISSED!"

BITING SARCASM.

*Gentleman with the Broom (who has inadvertently splashed the Artist's favourite Shipwreck).* "OW YUS! I SUPPOSE YER TH'NK YE'RE THE PRESIDENT O' THE ROY'L ACADERMY! A SETTIN THERE IN THE LAP ER LUXURY!!"

## PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATED LAW REPORTS.

"ALLEGED CONTEMPT OF COURT BY AN INFANT."

## IMPRACTICABLE.

*Judge (to Witness).* "REPEAT THE PRISONER'S STATEMENT TO YOU, EXACTLY IN HIS OWN WORDS. NOW, WHAT DID HE SAY?"

*Witness.* "MY LORD, HE SAID HE STOLE THE PIG——"

*Judge.* "IMPOSSIBLE! HE COULDN'T HAVE USED THE THIRD PERSON."

*Witness.* "MY LORD, THERE WAS NO THIRD PERSON!"

*Judge.* "NONSENSE! I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN THAT HE SAID, 'I STOLE THE PIG'!"

*Witness (shocked).* "OH, MY LORD! HE NEVER MENTIONED YOUR LORDSHIP'S NAME!"

*[Dismissed ignominiously!*

## A LABOUR OF LOVE!

*Benevolent Lady (who has with infinite trouble organised a Country Excursion for some overworked London Dressmakers).* "THEN MIND YOU'RE AT THE STATION AT NINE TO-MORROW, ELIZA. I DO HOPE IT WON'T RAIN!"

"*RINE*, MISS! I 'OWP NOT, TO BE SURE! THE COUNTRY'S BAD ENOUGH WHEN IT'S *FOINE*, 'YNT IT, MISS?"

## A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

*Nervous Youth.* "WELL—ER—GOOD-BYE, MRS. THOMAS. AWFULLY GLAD I MET YOU! ER—SO GOOD OF YOU—SO MUCH PLEASANTER THAN RIDING ALONE!"

*[Shuts up.*

## THE HIGHER JOURNALISM.

*Driver.* "KEB, MUM? NOTTING 'ILL, MUM? COULD YOU KINDLY EXCUSE ME, MUM? I'VE GOT TO FINISH A LITTLE ARTICLE ON 'FARES AS I 'AVE TOOK,' ALMOST IMMEDIATE, OR THAT EDITOR O' MINE WILL BE BADGERIN' MOST FRIGHTFUL. IF NOW YOU WAS TO APPLY TO ONE OF MY COLLEAGUES ON THE RANK, MUM——"

## MUSIC AT HOME.

*Hostess.* "OH, THANK YOU FOR YOUR LOVELY MUSIC, HERR BLUMENTOFF! IT'S JUST WHAT I LIKE. IT BLENDS SO PERFECTLY WITH THE CONVERSATION WITHOUT IN THE LEAST INTERRUPTING IT!"

## THINGS BETTER LEFT UNSAID.

*Husband and Host (waking up from postprandial snooze).* "WHAT—GOING? OH, I'M AFRAID YOU MUST HAVE FOUND IT VERY DULL. I'VE GOT A DREADFUL HABIT OF NAPPING AFTER DINNER!"

*Guest.* "*DULL*, MY DEAR FELLOW? IT'S NEVER DULL HERE WHEN *YOU'RE* ASLEEP!"

## HEARD IN MID-CHANNEL.

*Miss Histriophila.* "I COULD TELL YOU WERE AN ACTOR AT ONCE. NOW DO TELL ME, WHICH *RÔLE* DO YOU CONSIDER YOUR BEST?"

*The Bounding King of the Arena.* "I DON'T ROLL AT ALL. I TURNS SOMERSAULTS OVER 'OSSES AN' ELEPHANTS AN' THINGS!"

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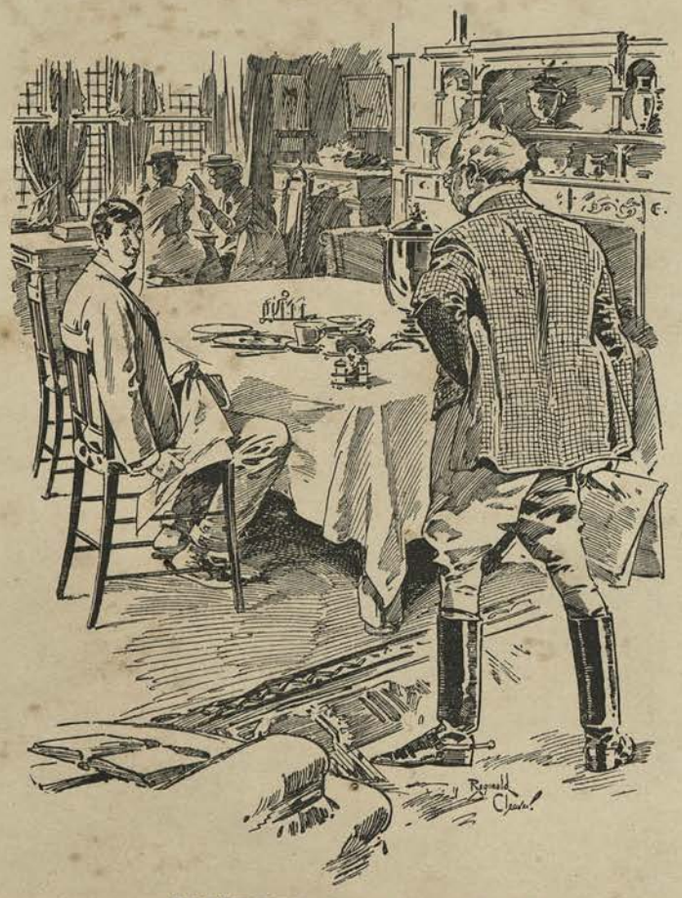


## DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

*Stern Parent.* "NO WONDER YOU LOOK SO SEEDY AND FIT FOR NOTHING. I HEAR YOU CAME HOME SO VERY LATE LAST NIGHT!"

*Youth (who is having his fling).* "BEG YOUR PARDON, DAD, I DID NOTHING OF THE SORT. I CAME HOME VERY EARLY!"

## A CASE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

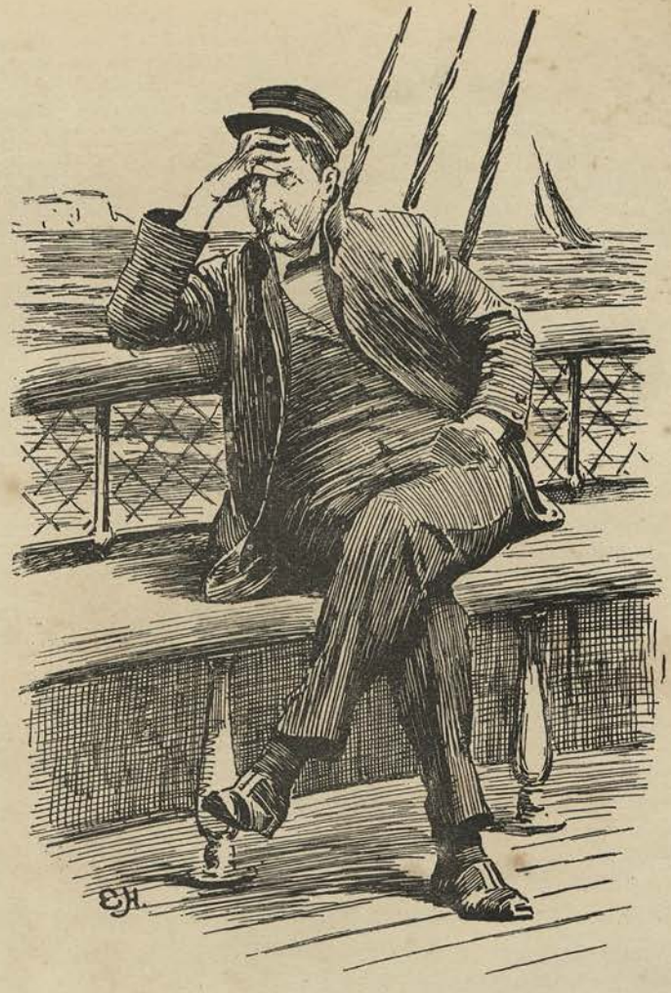
*Mrs. Grimes.* "NO, SIR, MR. SMITH AIN'T A-BIN IN 'IS CHAMBERS NOT FOR A WEEK, SIR."

*Mr. Brown.* "OH! YOU'RE SURE NOW YOU KNOW THE GENTLEMAN I MEAN—MR. MELDON SMITH?"

*Mrs. Grimes.* "*HI* KNOWS 'IM RIGHT ENOUGH. WY, I DOES ALL 'IS WASHIN' AND MENDIN' FOR 'IM!"

REASSURING.

"LOR' BLESS YER, SIR, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR! *THAT* AIN'T A FLY, SIR! *THAT'S* A BIT OF DIRT!"



GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

*Blenkinsop (on a Friend's Yacht) soliloquises.* "I KNOW ONE THING, IF EVER I'M RICH ENOUGH TO KEEP A YACHT, I SHALL SPEND THE MONEY ON HORSES."

## LOCAL VETO.

*Guest (at Public Dinner, to Waiter, who has opened a bottle of soda-water in his left ear).* "UGH, YOU SCOUNDREL, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

*Waiter.* "SCOUNDREL! BEGORRA! IT'S DIVIL A DROP OF DRINK I'LL BE GIVING YOU TO-NIGHT!" *[And he doesn't!*

## THOROUGH!

*Hairdresser (to perspiring Customer during the late Hot Weather).* "'HAIR CUT, SIR?"

*Stout Party (falling into the Chair, exhausted).* "YE——"

*Hairdresser.* "'MUCH OFF, SIR?"

*Stout Party.* *("PHEW!)* CUT IT TO THE BONE!"

## LONG VACATION.

"NOW, THEN, LATITAT, TUCK IN YOUR SIX-AND-EIGHTPENNY!"

## MORE THAN ONE FOR HIS NOB.

*Irritable Old Gentleman (who is rather particular about his appearance).* "I WISH YOU'D BE CAREFUL. THAT'S THE THIRD OR FOURTH TIME YOU'VE PRICKED ME WITH YOUR SCISSORS!"

*Hairdresser.* "BEG YER PARDON, SIR. BUT THE FACT IS, SIR, I 'AVEN'T BEEN IN THE 'ABIT O' CUTTIN' 'AIR, SIR. WE'RE RATHER SHORT OF 'ANDS, SO—"

*[Old Gent explodes.*

## IN THE WILDS OF SUFFOLK.

*Gallant Volunteer.* "I HOPE YOU DON'T OBJECT TO GUNPOWDER SMOKE, SIR. I'VE GOT FOUR MORE BLANK CARTRIDGES."

## SUFFICIENT GROUNDS FOR REFUSAL.

*Scene—Office in Dublin Life Assurance.*

*Surgeon of the Company.* "HEARRT AND LIVER SOUND AS A BELL. BE JARGE, YE'VE THE FOINEST LOIFE I IVER SAW, SOR! FWHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS, OR PROFESSION, NOW?"

"I HAVEN'T GOT ANY."

"FWHAT! YE DON'T MEAN TO SAY YE'VE GOT *LAND!*" "A FEW ACRES."

"FAITH! THIN I'M SORRY FOR YE! BUT YE WON'T DO FOR *US!*" [*Certificate refused.*

## A TRYING MOMENT.

*Fond Mother (alluding to the little Prodigy in the pork-pie hat, who will insist on fraternising with Jones).* "BLESS HER LITTLE HEART, SHE IS SO FOND OF BOYS, SHE IS."

*[No wonder Jones and his cigar disagree after that!*

## CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

*Nurse.* "WHY DON'T YOU GO AND HAVE A DIP IN THE SEA, MR. CHARLES? I BATHED WITH THE CHILDREN THIS MORNING, AND IT WAS DELIGHTFUL!"

*Mr. Charles.* "AH, MARY, IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR *YOU*; BUT RECLECT *MY* BACK HAIR IS A FIXTURE!"

"DENUDATION."

*Niece (after a header).* "OH, AUNT, YOU'RE NOT COMING IN WITH YOUR SPECTACLES ON?"

*Aunt Clarissa (who is not used to bathe in the "open.")* "MY DEAR, I POSITIVELY WON'T TAKE OFF ANYTHING MORE, I'M DETERMINED!!"

## AN EASY MATTER.

*Bathing Woman.* "TEACH YER TO SWIM? LOR BLESS YER, MY LOVE, WHY, OF COURSE I CAN!"

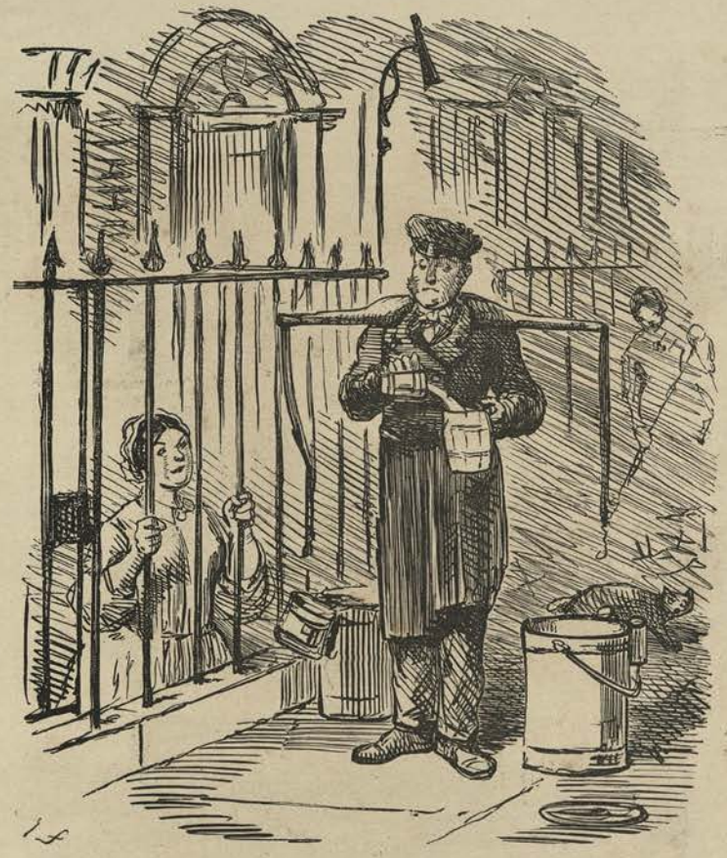
## CAUTION TO BATHERS.

*Don't let them jolt you up the Beach till you are Dressed.*

*Jones (obliged to hold fast).* "HULLO! HI! SOMEBODY STOP MY BOOTS!"

FLATTERING.

*Boy (in allusion to Brown, who thinks he is well got up).* "OH! LOOK HERE, BILLY, THEY'VE GOT A DINNER PARTY AT THIS 'OUSE—AND IF ERE AIN'T THE COVE WHAT'S A' GOING TO WAIT."



CANDID.

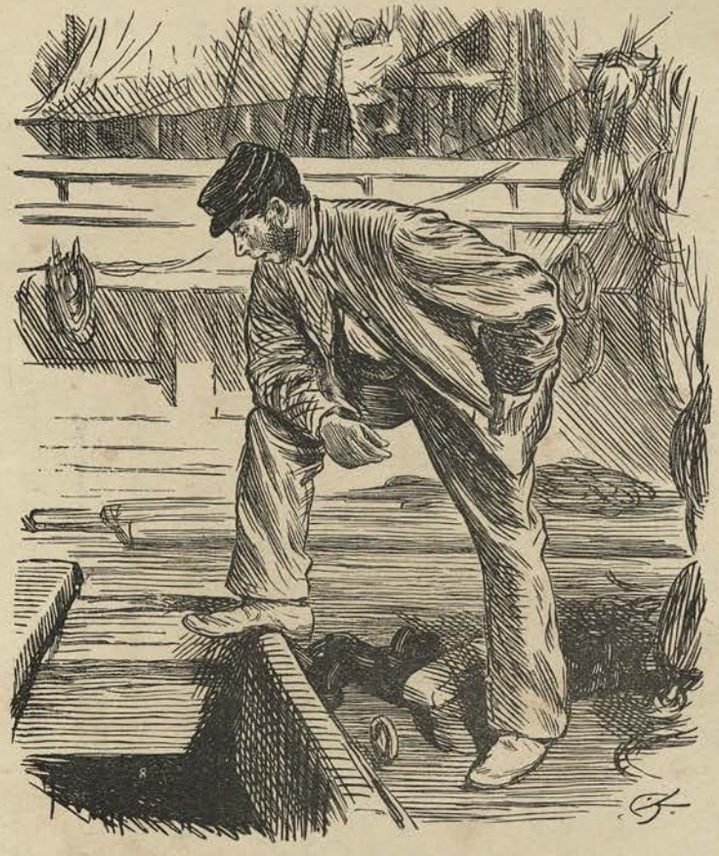
*Cook.* "FINE DAY, MR. CHALKS!"

*Mr. Chalks.* "YES, COOKEY, IT'S A VERY FINE DAY; BUT IF WE HAVEN'T SOME RAIN SOON, I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE SHALL DO FOR *MILK!*"

## ÆSTHETICS.

*Fadsby (in agony; he's a martyr to the decorative art of the Nineteenth Century).* "OH! MRS. GRABBIT—I REALLY MUST—IMPLORE YOU—TO REMOVE THOSE CHIMNEY ORNAM—UGH!—THOSE TWO—FICTILE ABOMINATIONS—FROM THIS ROOM WHILE I REMAIN HE-AR!"

*[Of all the Artis's, Mrs. Grabbit said, as she'd ever let her Apartments to, he was the most partic'lar.*



## DECIMALS ON DECK.

*Irish Mate.* "HOW MANNY IV YE DOWN THER-RE?!"
*Voice from the Hold.* "THREE, SOR!"
*Mate.* "THIN HALF IV YE COME UP HERE IMMADIATELY!!"

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## AU MAGASIN DU LOUVRE.

"COMBIEN EN VOULEZ-VOUS, MADAME?"

"OH!—ER—LET ME SEE—FIVE YARDS—SANK *KILOMETRES*, N'EST-CE PAS?" [*Stupefaction.*

## A GENERIC DIFFERENCE.

*First Schoolgirl (Sweet Eighteen).* "I *AM* SO TIRED OF WALKING ALONG BY TWOS AND TWOS IN THIS WAY! IT'S AS BAD AS THE ANIMALS GOING INTO THE ARK!"

*Second Ditto (ditto ditto).* "*WORSE!* HALF OF *THEM* WERE MASCULINE!"

## THE COCK-CROWING NUISANCE.—HOW TO CURE IT.

MR. SMITH'S NEXT NEIGHBOUR BUT ONE KEEPS FOWLS. MR. SMITH'S N. N. B. O. HAS GONE TO THE MOORS. MR. SMITH HAS *NOT* GONE TO THE MOORS. NEVERTHELESS MR. SMITH ENJOYS EXCELLENT SPORT THIS SEASON, AND MAKES CAPITAL BAGS. *(VERBUM SAP.)*

## CASTIGATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

*Hardened Young Culprit (to menacing Papa).* "DO *YOU* MEAN TO SAY YOU'RE GOIN' TO *VIP* ME, OLE BOY?"

## A NEW LANGUAGE.

*Mamma (severely).* "DON'T SQUINT, EFFIE, MY DEAR!"

*Effie.* "I WASN'T SQUINTING, MAMMA. I WAS ONLY MAKING 'DINNER EYES' AT MAJOR STUFFAM. I HEAR HE GIVES SUCH CHARMING DINNER PARTIES, AND I SHOULD SO MUCH *LIKE TO BE ASKED!*"

## RESOURCE!

*Young Mr. Softly.* "ER—MISS ETHEL, THERE IS SOMETHING I—ER—PARTICULARLY WANT TO SAY TO YOU. ER—WHEN COULD I HAVE A MINUTE WITH YOU ALONE?"

*Miss Ethel.* "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT! SOMETHING FROM WAGNER, PLEASE, LUCY! NOW, MR. SOFTLY!"

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"THE COW WAS THE STAMP TO IMPRESS SUPERIOR BUTTER."

"ARF A POUND ER MARGARINE, PLEASE; AN' MOTHER SAYS WILL YER PUT THE COW ON IT, 'COS SHE'S GOT COMPANY!"

STROLL IN THE ZOO. SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

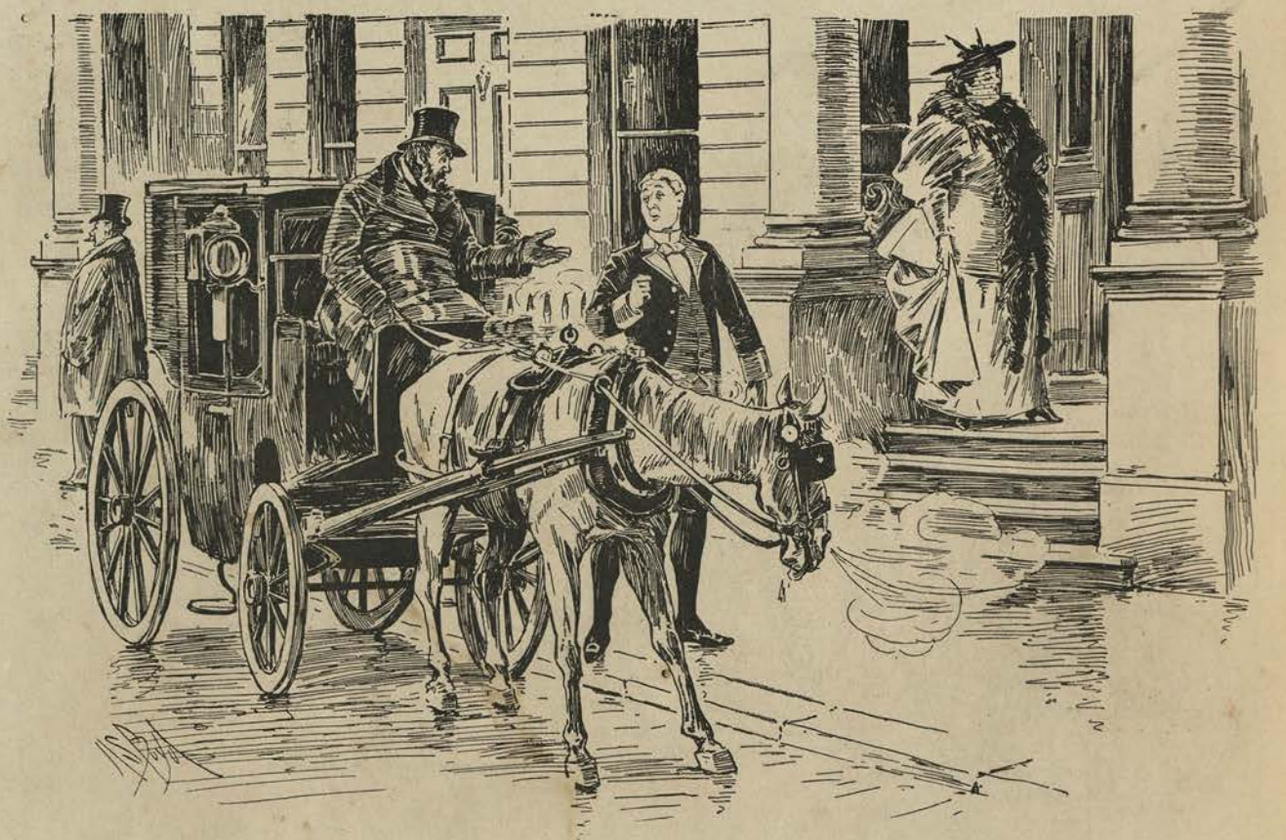
THE EXTINCTION OF THE HORSE.

*Squire.* "ISN'T THAT THE MARE, COPER, YOU HOPED TO MAKE THREE FIGURES OF AS A LADY'S HACK!"
*Local Dealer.* "YES, SIR, THIS IS HER, WORSE LUCK! SHE'LL HAVE TO GO FOR A 'CABBER' NOW—UNLESS I BOIL HER DOWN FOR BICYCLE OIL!"

*The Vicar.* "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT BURGUNDY? IT'S THE LAST BOTTLE OF SOME THE DEAR BISHOP GAVE ME. IT COST HIM *EIGHTEEN SHILLINGS A BOTTLE!*"

*The Major.* "VERY NICE! BUT I SHOULD JUST LIKE YOU TO TRY SOME *I GAVE TWELVE SHILLINGS A DOZEN FOR!*"

## PEARLS BEFORE SWINE.



## AN APPLIED PROVERB.

*Cabby.* "'ERE, I SAY! ONLY A BOB? WOT'S THIS?"
*Footman.* "WHY, YOU 'AVEN'T DROVE THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE SQUARE!"
*Cabby.* "THAT MAY BE. BUT IF 'A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE,' SHE'S EQUAL TO THREE MILES, AND OUGHT TO PAY MORE THAN DOUBLE FARE!"

## IDLE SPEECHES.

"AND SO *THAT*'S HER HUSBAND, IS IT? LOOKS AS IF SHE'D WON HIM IN A RAFFLE!"
"AND AS IF THE TICKETS FOR THAT RAFFLE HADN'T BEEN VERY EXPENSIVE!"

## REAL ENJOYMENT.

*Non-Golfer (middle-aged, rather stout, who would like to play, and has been recommended it as healthy and amusing).* "WELL, I CANNOT SEE WHERE THE EXCITEMENT COMES IN IN THIS GAME!"

*Caddie.* "EH, MON, THERE'S MORE SWEARING USED OVER GOLF THAN ANY OTHER GAME! D'YE NO CA' THAT EXCITEMENT?"

## ARTFUL.

*Tramp (to the Rector).* "YOUR SERMON WAS VERY MUCH THOUGHT TO LAST NIGHT, SIR——"

*Rector (flattered).* "INDEED, MY MAN! I'M VERY GLAD IF ANY EFFORTS OF MINE——"

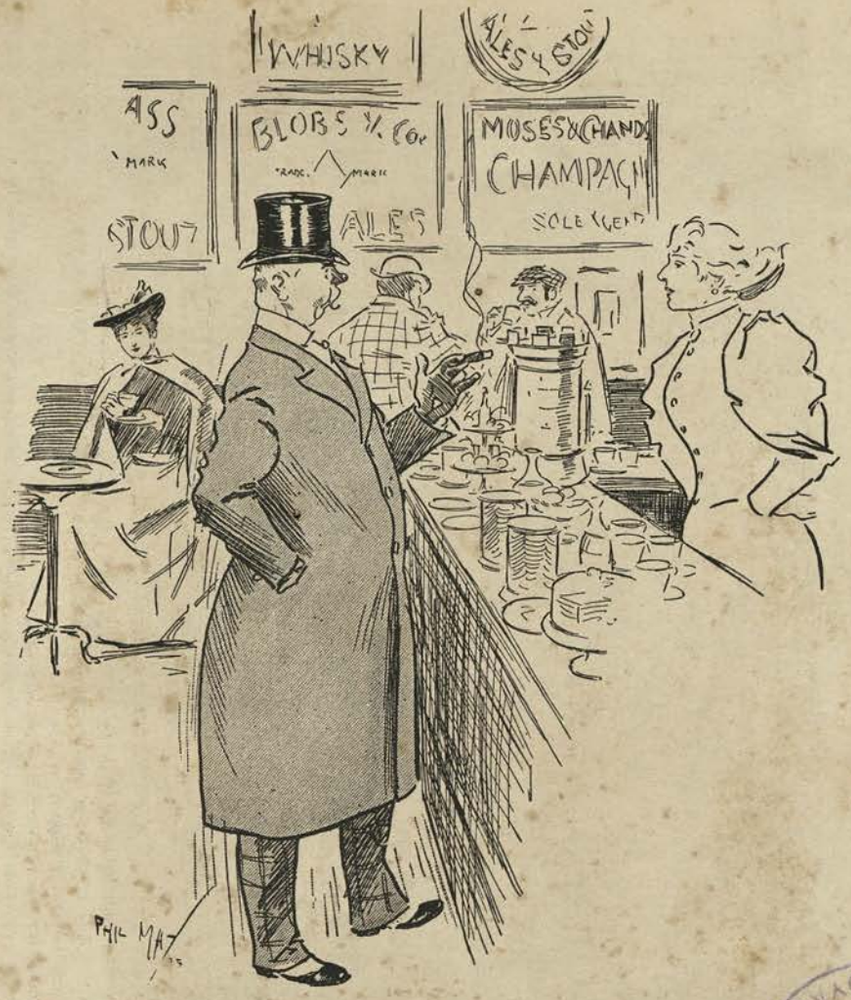
*Tramp.* "YES, SIR, I HEERN A GREAT MANY A-TALKIN' OF IT IN THE PORTCH, AND I WAS A-WALKIN' OVER TO RAMSGATE YESTERDAY, AND MY 'AT BLEW OFF INTO THE SEA, AND YOU HAVEN'T GOT A OLD 'AT YOU COULD GIVE——"

[*Usual result.*

## PLEASURING!

*Vicar (to Old Lady, who is returning from a Funeral).* "WELL, MARTHA, I'M AFRAID YOU'VE HAD A SAD AFTERNOON. IT HAS BEEN A LONG WALK, TOO, FOR YOU——"

*Martha.* "SURE-LY, 'TIS, SIR! AH, SIR, 'TAIN'T MUCH PLEASURE NOW FOR ME TO GO TO FUNERALS; I BE TOO OLD AND FULL O' RHEUMATIZ. IT WAS VERY DIFFERENT WHEN WE WAS YOUNG—THAT 'TWER!!"




SO LIKELY!

*Scene—Bar of a Railway Refreshment Room.*

Barmaid. "TEA, SIR?"

Mr. Boozy. "TEA!!! *ME!!!!*"

A HARD CASE!

"'AD ANY BREAKFUS' 'S MORNIN'?"

"NOT A DROP!"

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MATUTINAL GREETINGS.

"HALLO, SMITH!" | "HALLO, BROWN!"

ISOLATION!—OFF THE ORKNEYS.

*Southern Tourist.* "'GET ANY NEWSPAPERS HERE?"

*Orcadian Boatman.* "OU AYE, WHEN THE STEAMER COMES. IF IT'S FINE, SHE'LL COME ANCE A WEEK; BUT WHEN IT'S STORMY, I' WINTER, WE DINNA CATCH A GLINT O' HER FOR THREE MONTHS AT A TIME."

*S. T.* "THEN YOU'LL NOT KNOW WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN LONDON!"

*O. B.* "NA—BUT YE SEE YE'RE JUST AS ILL AFF I' LONDON AS WE ARE, FOR YE DINNA KEN WHAT'S GAUN ON HERE!"

## LUCID!

*Tourist expostulates:* "OH—H, COME! THEM SEEGAR IS POOR LE—LE—LE—FOOMIGASEONG DE MOR-MEM—YER FOOL,"

## À FORTIORI.

*Ticket Collector.* "NOW, THEN, MAKE HASTE! WHERE'S YOUR TICKET?"

*Ticket Collector.* "NONSENSE! FEEL IN YOUR POCKETS. YE CANNOT HEV LOST IT!"

*Bandsman.* "AW CANNOT?! WHY, MAN, AU'VE LOST THE *BIG DRUM!*"

*Bandsman (refreshed).* "AU'VE LOST IT!"

## VERY CAREFUL.

*Economical Peer (with feeling).* "GOOD GRACIOUS, THOMPSON! HAVEN'T YOU MEN GOT AN UMBRELLA OUTSIDE?"

*Thompson.* "NO, MY LORD!"

*Peer.* "DEAR! DEAR! DEAR!—THEN GIVE ME THOSE NEW HATS INSIDE!"

## WHAT A SHAME!

*Country Bus Conductor (with extreme politeness).* "YES, MISS—QUITE FULL, MISS—IN FACT, WE'VE ONE MORE THAN OUR NUMBER *NOW*, MISS."

KENSINGTON GARDENS. A POSER FOR PAPA.

"LA! PA, DEAR!—WHAT IS THE MEANING OF 'KOLREUTERIA PANICULATA;' AND WHY SHOULD SUCH A LITTLE TREE HAVE SUCH A VERY LONG NAME?"

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VERY KIND.

WELL! GOOD BYE, UNCLE! I'VE ENJOYED MYSELF VERY MUCH IN THE COUNTRY; AND IF YOU WILL RUN UP TO LONDON AT ANY TIME, I'LL SHOW YOU A LITTLE LIFE!"

"NOT PROVEN."

*Presbyterian Minister.* "DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S WICKED TO CATCH FISH ON THE SAWBATH!?"
*Small Boy (not having had a rise all the Morning).* "WHA'S CATCHIN' FESH?!"

AN EVENING'S FISHING (BEHIND THE DISTILLERY AT SLIGO).

*First Factory Lad.* "DOM'NICK, DID YOU GET E'ER A BITE AT ALL?"
*Second Ditto.* "SORRA WAN, PAT, ONLY WAN SMALL WAN!"
*First Ditto.* "YERRAH! LAVE IT THERE, AN' COME HOME. SHURE YOU'LL GET MORE THAN THAT IN BED!"

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## THE COMPENSATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

*Sympathetic Visitor.* "POOR *DEAR* MR. SMITH, HOW HE MUST SUFFER WITH ALL THAT SNEEZING AND COUGHING."

*Mrs. Smith.* "HE DOES, INDEED; BUT YOU CAN'T THINK HOW IT AMUSES THE BABY!"

## WHAT THE NEW WOMAN WILL MAKE OF THE NEW MAN!

"IF YOU WANT ME TO KEEP THE NEXT DANCE FOR YOU, YOU MUST WAIT UNDER THIS DOOR. I CAN'T GO RUSHING ALL OVER THE ROOM TO *LOOK* FOR YOU, YOU KNOW!"

## FELINE AMENITIES.

*Fair Visitor.* "DO PLAY SOMETHING, DEAR! I LOVE TO HEAR YOUR MUSIC!"

*Fair Hostess.* "SORRY, DEAR, BUT THIS PIANO IS SO DREADFULLY OUT OF TUNE! THAT'S THE WORST OF LIVING IN APARTMENTS! MY MUSIC-MASTER SAYS THAT TO USE SUCH A PIANO AS THAT IS FATAL TO REAL PLAYING! BUT WON'T *YOU* PLAY SOMETHING, DEAR?"

## A NOVEL EXPERIMENT.

"WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING WITH THE CRUET-STAND?"

"OH, WE'RE ONLY OILING THE JOINTS OF THE TORTOISE. IT MOVES ALONG SO STIFFLY, POOR THING!"

## NE PLUS ULTRA.

"ONLY FANCY, GRANDPAPA, I MADE *THIRTEEN MISTAKES* IN MY FRENCH EXERCISE!"

"OH, I DARE SAY I SHOULD HAVE MADE *MORE*, MY DARLING!"

"OH NO, YOU WOULDN'T! THERE WERE ONLY *THIRTEEN WORDS!*"

"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD."

*Tourist from London (to young local Minister).* "HOW QUIET AND PEACEFUL IT SEEMS HERE!"

*Minister.* "EH, FRIEND, IT SEEMS PEACEFU'. WHA WAD THINK WE WERE WITHIN SEVEN MILES O' PEEBLES!"

THE OBSTINACY OF THE PARENT.

*Emily Jane,* "YES, I'M ALWAYS A-SAYIN' TO FATHER AS 'E OUGHTER RETIRE FROM THE CROSSIN', BUT KEEP AT IT 'E WILL, THOUGH IT AIN'T JUST NO MORE'N THE BROOM AS 'OLDS 'IM UP!"

## PRO BONO PUBLICO.

*Brown (Passenger by the Glasgow Steamer, 8.30 a.m.).* "I BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT I THINK YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE. THAT IS MY TOOTH-BRUSH!"

*McGrubbie (ditto).* "AH BEAG YEARS, MUN, AH'M SURE. AH THOGHT 'T BELANGED TO THE SHEIP!!"

AT THE SEA-SIDE.

*Augustus.* "ISN'T IT JOLLY, FRANK, BEING DOWN HERE FOR THE HOLIDAYS?"
*Incipient Swell.* "H'M! PRETTY WELL FOR THAT I CONFESS I MISS THE GAIETY OF TOWN."

COMPLIMENTARY.

*Bus Driver.* "NOW THEN, OUT OF THE WAY, *YOU TWO!*"

## EARLY GENIUS.

"BLESS 'IS LITTLE 'ART, HE TAKES TO IT AS NATURAL AS HANYTHINK."

## AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

*Monthly Nurse.* "BUT I CAN'T FIND MY BOX, SIR!"
*Paterfamilias (furious).* "CONFOUND YOUR BOX! YOU MUST GET IN AND LEAVE IT, AND WE'LL TELEGRAPH FOR IT.—COME! THE TRAIN'S STARTING!"
*Monthly Nurse.* "OH YES, SIR,—THAT'S ALL VERY WELL. ONLY I THOUGHT AS MY BOX HAS GOT ALL YOUR PLATE AND LINEN IN IT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

## SCHOLARSHIP.

*Master Tom (who has been rebuked for making use of school slang).* "BUT, GRANDMA', SLOGGING IS DERIVED FROM THE GREEK WORD SLOGO (σλόγω), TO SLAUGHTER, BASTE, OR WOLLOP; AND BY COMPOUNDING, YOU SEE——" *[Grandma' is quite overcome by Tom's LEARNING.*

## ACCOMMODATING!

*Stern Parent.* "TOO FAT FOR A PAGE, YOU THINK, SIR? UM! YOU SEE, SIR, IF SO BE YOU COULD WAIT A WEEK OR SO, WE COULD REDOOCE HIM WERY EASY."

*Andrew (preparing to divide the orange).* "WILL YOU CHOOSE THE BIG HALF, GEORGIE, OR THE WEE HALF?"

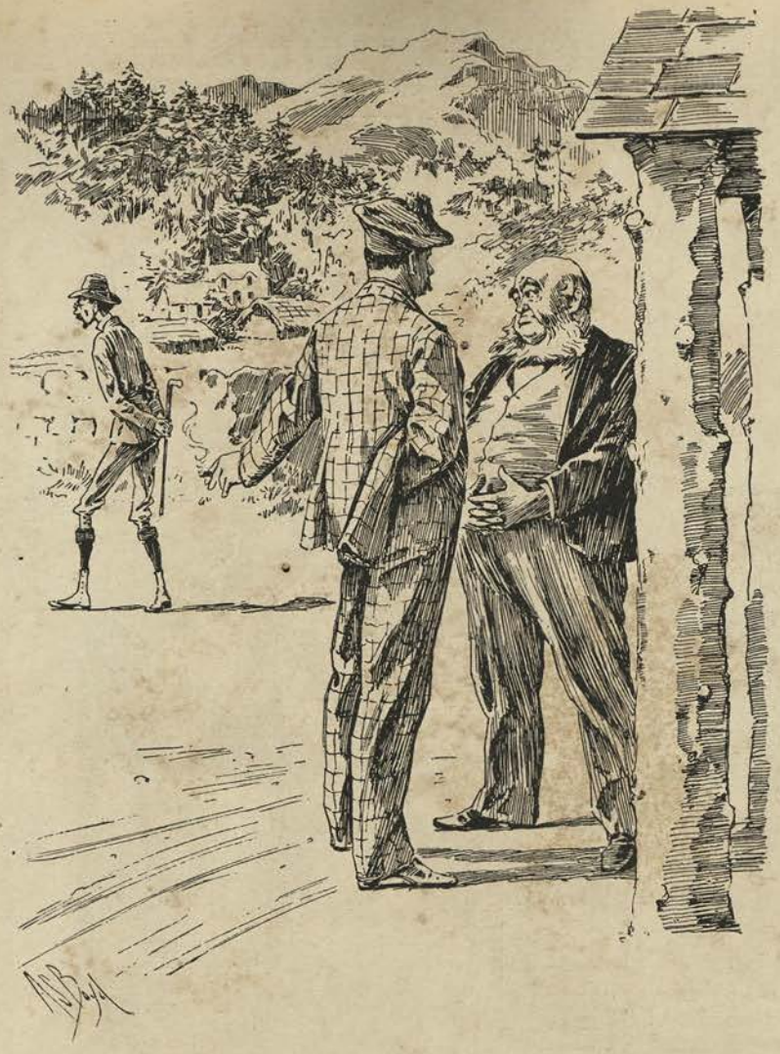
*George.* "'COURSE I'LL CHOOSE THE BIG HALF."

*Andrew (with resignation).* "THEN I'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE 'EM EVEN."

GENEROSITY.

A DILEMMA.

"IT'S ALL VERY WELL, MARIA, TO SAY 'HIT HIM;' BUT IF I DO, HE'S PRETTY CERTAIN TO COMMENCE KICKING!"



## A POOR ADVERTISEMENT.

*Tourist.* "I SUPPOSE YOU FEEL PROUD TO HAVE SUCH A DISTINGUISHED MAN STAYING IN YOUR HOUSE?"

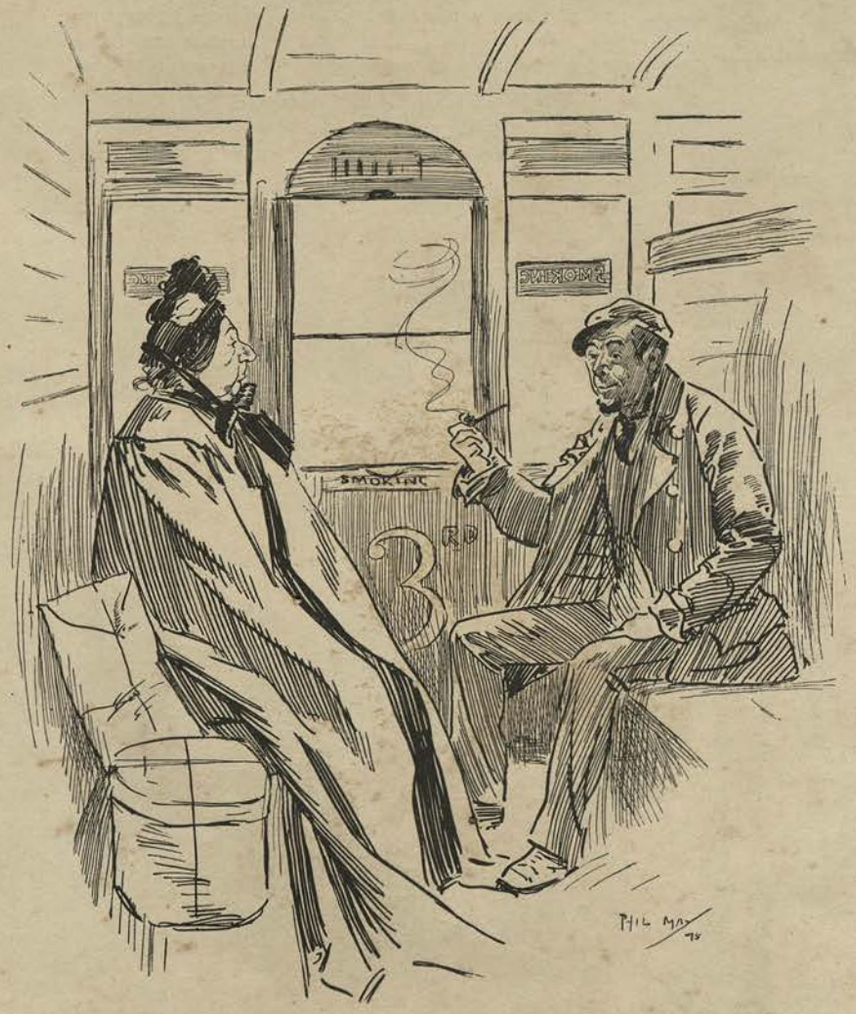
*Host of the "Drumdonnachie Arms."* "'DEED NO! A BODY LIKE THAT DOES US MAIR HAIRM THAN GU'D; HIS APPEARANCE IS NAE CREDIT TAE OOR COMMISSARIAT!"

## AN AWKWARD QUESTION.

*Son of Toil.* "OW YUS, ME AN' MY MISSUS GITS ON FUST-CLORSS TERGITHER, SIR. REG'LAR CHUMMY, WE ORE. I TELLS 'ER EVERYTHINK!"

*Philanthropist.* "EVER TELL HER A LIE?"

*Son of Toil.* "TELLS 'ER EVERYTHINK, I TELL YER—!"

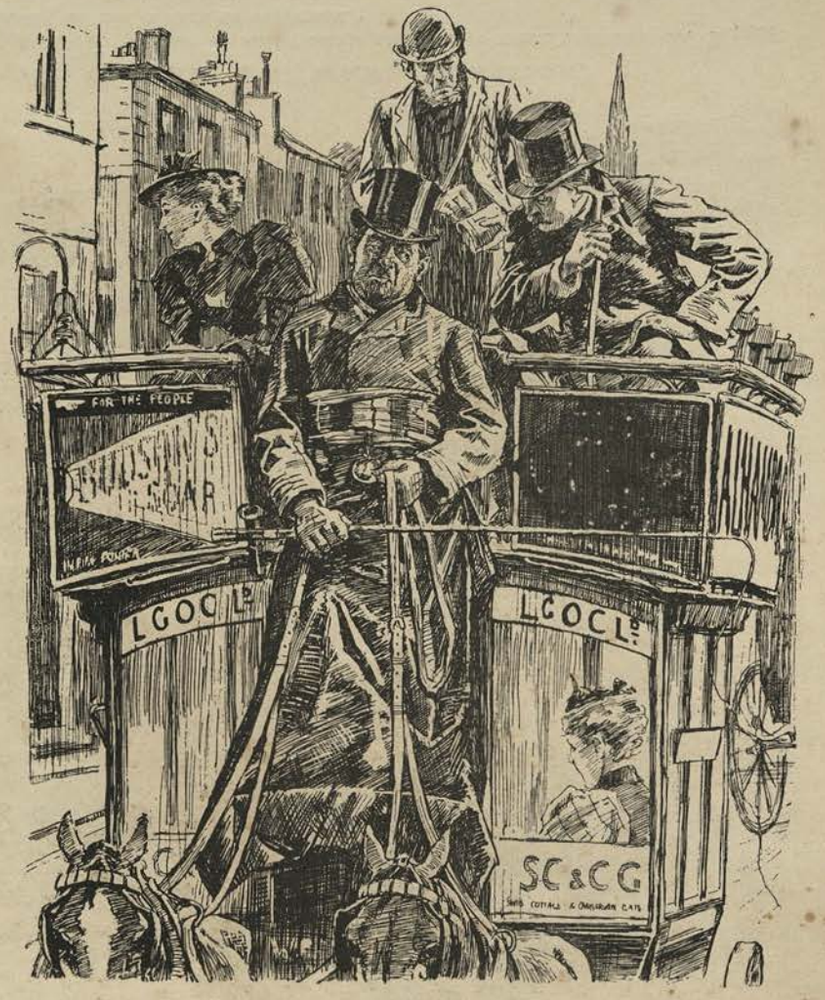



## RETALIATION.

*Workman (politely, to old Lady, who has accidentally got into a Smoking Compartment).* "YOU DON'T OBJECT TO MY PIPE, I 'OPE, MUM?"

*Old Lady.* "YES, I *DO* OBJECT, VERY STRONGLY!"

*Workman.* "OH! THEN OUT YOU GET!!"




## LACONIC.

*Passenger.* "CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT ARE THE TIMES FOR THESE BUSSES TO LEAVE THE SWISS COTTAGE?"

*Driver.* "QUARTER AFTER—'ARF AFTER—QUARTER TO—AND *AT!*"

## DISCRIMINATION.

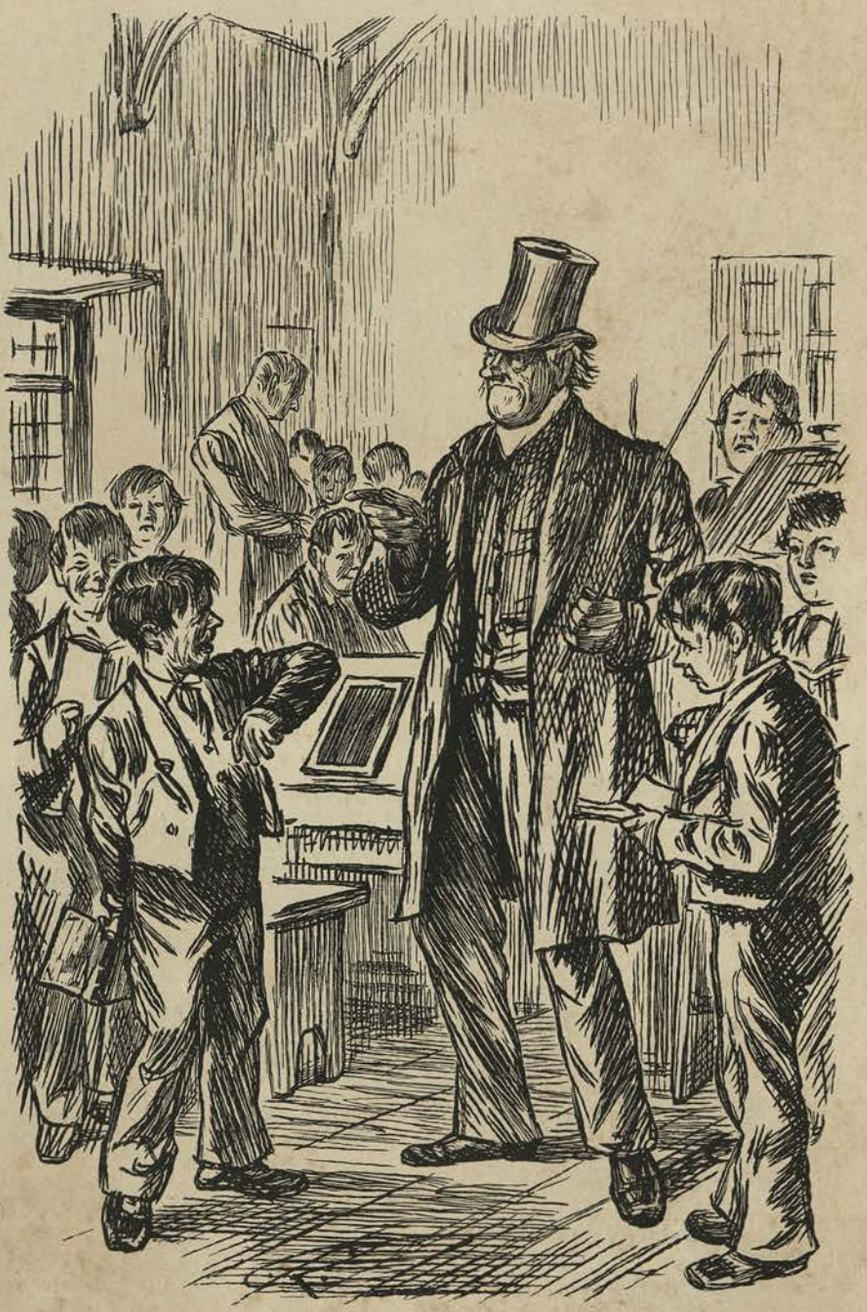
*Young Man from the Country (with the affable condescension he supposes marks the Man about Town).* "'MORNING, COACHMAN! STREETS RATHER BUSY THIS MORNING, EH?"

*Metropolitan Driver.* "YUSS—A BIT THE USUAL WAY, SIR. 'OW'S 'OPS LOOKIN'?"

## TRUE HYPERBOLE.

*He.* "WHAT A LOVELY FROCK! . . . *WORTH*, I SUPPOSE?" *She.* "MONSIEUR WORTH IS DEAD."

*He.* "AH! IT *LOOKS* AS IF IT CAME FROM HEAVEN!"



## SUPPRESSIO VERI.

*Small Boy (construing).* "BUT THE CROCODILE——"

*Schoolmaster.* "I AM SURE YOU GOT 'CROCODILE' OUT OF A CRIB."

*Small Boy.* "NO, SIR! INDEED, SIR, I DIDN'T."

*Schoolmaster (severely).* "I KNOW YOU *DID.* AND AS YOU'VE TOLD A LIE ABOUT IT——"

[*Prepares cane.*

*Small Boy (terrified).* "NO, SIR—INDEED I DIDN'T TELL A LIE, SIR! PLEASE, SIR—IT'S 'ALLIGATOR' IN THE CRIB!"

[*Tableau. Cane comes down heavily.*

## "GROUND GAME."

*Wife.* "AH, THEN YOU'VE BEEN SUCCESSFUL AT LAST, DEAR!"

*Husband (prevaricating).* "YE—YES, I BAGGED——"

*Wife (sniffing).* "AND *HIGH* TIME YOU DID! I SHOULD SAY BY THE—OH!—IT MUST BE COOKED TO-DAY!"

*[It came out afterwards the Impostor had bagged it at the Poulterer's!*

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## THE LAWS OF HEREDITY ILLUSTRATED.

*Grigson (who has tripped up his friend Professor Grumpson's campstool just as the latter was sitting down on it).* "HI! DON'T! IT'S NO GOOD CUTTING UP ROUGH, YOU KNOW—I *INHERITED* A TENDENCY TO PRACTICAL JOKING, AND CAN'T *HELP* IT—*YOU SAID SO YOURSELF!!!!*"

*Grumpson.* "QUITE SO, MY DEAR FELLOW; YOU'RE NOT TO BLAME A BIT! BUT *I'VE* INHERITED A TENDENCY TO *KICK* PRACTICAL JOKERS, AND CAN'T HELP IT EITHER." *[Kicks him.*

## "NOS ET MUTAMUR IN ILLIS!"

*(Internationa Feline Amenities.)*

*Fair French Republican.* "SO YOU 'AVE RETURN FROM PARIS? HOW DID YOU LIKE IT?"

*Lady Godiva.* "OH, *PAS DE TOUT*—IT IS SO ALTERED FOR THE WORSE! FOR I CAN REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS IN THE DEAR OLD DAYS OF THE EMPIRE!"

*Fair French Republican.* "AH, MILADI, IS IT NOT POSSIBLE ZAT PARIS MAY FIND YOU A LITTLE BIT ALTERED TOO!"

## A SCOTCH PHILISTINE.

*Tourist.* "FINE OLD CHURCH, THIS!"

*Gravedigger.* "O, AY, I DAURSAY IT MICHT BE, *IF IT WAS REPAIRED.*"

## "THE GARB OF OLD GAUL."

*Native (to Visitor from the South).* "AH, YOU'VE DONNED THE KILT! QUITE KILLING, I DECLARE! BUT WHY DO YOU WEAR THE MACDONALD TARTAN WHEN YOUR NAME IS THOMPSON?"

*Little T. (who has been getting a good deal of chaff).* "F'R A VERY GOOD REASON—'CAUSE I'VE PAID FOR IT!" *[Retires in a huff.*

CAUGHT!

*Ingenious Youth.* "OH! SUCH A LARK, BILL! I'VE BIN AND FILLED AN OLD COVE'S LETTER-BOX WITH GOOSEBERRY SKINS AND HOYSTER SHELL,—AND RAPPED LIKE A POSTMAN!"

*Old Cove.* "*HAVE* YOU?"

COMMON OBJECTS AT THE SEA-SIDE.

*Boy.* "OH! LOOK HERE, MA! I'VE CAUGHT A FISH JUST LIKE THOSE THINGAMIES IN MY BED AT OUR LODGINGS!"

## SERVANTGALISM.

*Lady.* "YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME, MARY, THAT MY NEW CRYSTAL MILK JUG IS BRO— — —!"
*Mary.* "YES, 'M, IT'S THE ORKERDIST JUG AS HEVER I SEE—IT JEST TOOK AND TUMBLED RIGHT OFF ITS 'ANDLE!! WHICH IT'S LEFT ITS 'ANDLE IN MY 'AND, 'M."

*Lady.* "THEN, WHY DID YOU LEAVE?"
*Domestic.* "WELL, MA'AM, IF YOU ARST ME, I B'LIEVE THE REEL REASON WERE, THAT MISSUS THOUGHT I WERE TOO GOOD-LOOKING!

*Mabel.* "IN *SOME* COUNTRIES, THOSE PEOPLE KILL AND COOK AND EAT EACH OTHER, JACK!"

*Jack (who knows how lobsters are treated).* "I SUPPOSE THEY BOIL THEM *FIRST*, THOUGH!"

AN OBJECT-LESSON.

A DIFFERENT THING.

*Paterfamilias.* "ULLO, SMYTHE! IS THAT YOU? HOW ARE YOU, OLD FELLOW? HOW MUCH BETTER THEY MANAGE THESE THINGS IN FRANCE, EH? SO JOLLY FOR A FELLOW TO BE ABLE TO BATHE WITH HIS OWN FAMILY, YOU KNOW!"

*Captain Smythe (wistfully).* "HAW—YES—OR ANOTHER FELLOW'S FAMILY, YOU KNOW"

*Beach Musician (to constant Non-Subscriber).* "'SURE WE SHOULD BE MOST 'APPY TO PUT ANY GENTLEMAN THAT REELLY CAN'T AFFORD TO CONTRIBUTE ON THE FREE LIST!"

REVENGE IS SWEET.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

*Ernest.* "I SEE YOU ARE GETTING ON, FOREMAN." *Foreman.* "YES, SIR; WE SHALL HAVE THE WALLS PLASTERED TO-MORROW."

*Agatha.* "OH, ERNEST, DON'T LET'S HAVE PLASTER! YOU NEVER SEE IT NOW; EVERYBODY HAS WALL-PAPERS, AND YOU CAN GET LOVELY ONES QUITE CHEAP!"

## THE SPORTING INSTINCT.

"COME ALONG, BOBBIE! DON'T LAG BEHIND!"

"WAIT A MINUTE, MOTHER. THERE ARE TWO SOLDIERS GOING TO MEET. I JUST WANT TO SEE THE BATTLE!"

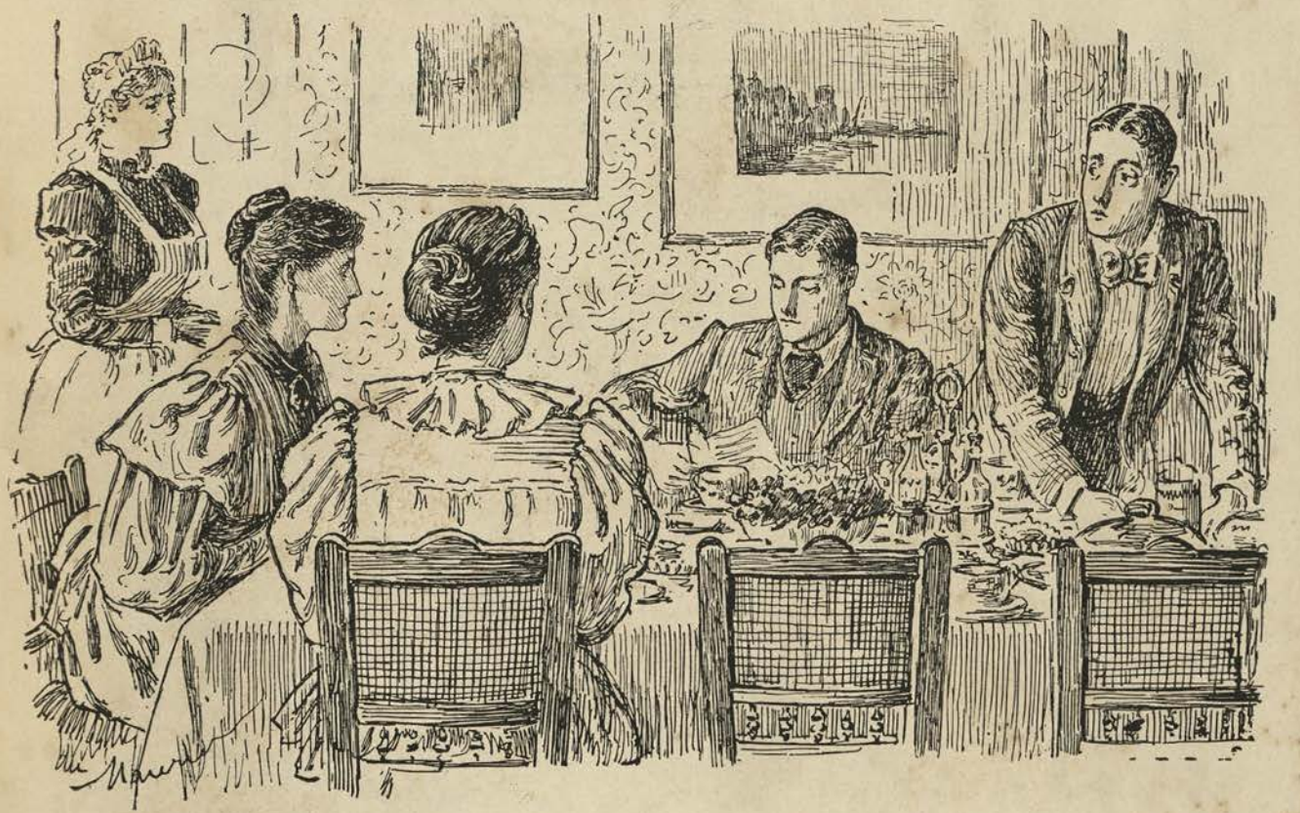
*He.* "WHAT A SHAME IT IS THAT MEN MAY ASK WOMEN TO MARRY THEM, AND WOMEN MAYN'T ASK MEN!"

*She.* "OH, WELL, YOU KNOW, I SUPPOSE THEY CAN ALWAYS GIVE A SORT OF *HINT!*"

*He.* "WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY A *HINT?*"

*She.* "WELL—THEY CAN ALWAYS SAY, 'OH, I DO *LOVE* YOU SO!'"

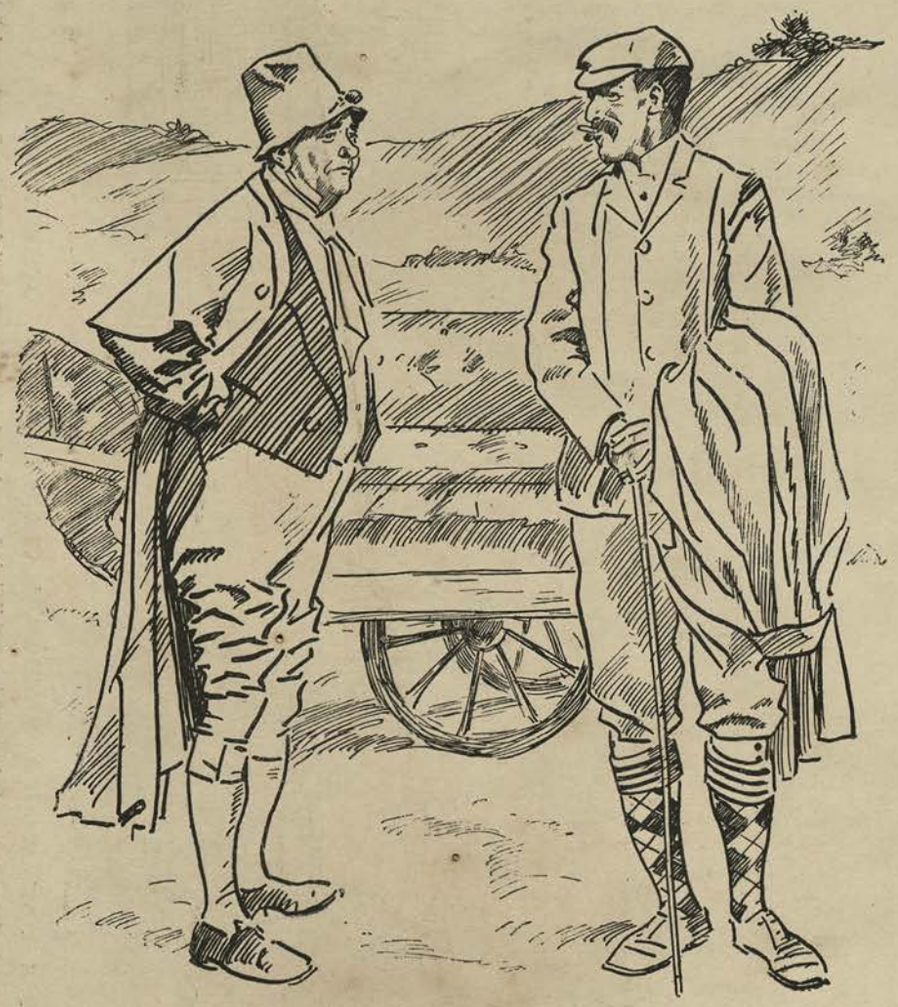
A LITTLE "NEW WOMAN."



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED OTHERWISE.

*Would-be Considerate Hostess (to Son of the House).* "HOW INATTENTIVE YOU ARE, JOHN! YOU REALLY MUST LOOK AFTER MR. BROWN. *HE'S HELPING HIMSELF TO EVERYTHING!*"

*[Discomfiture of Brown, who, if somewhat shy, is conscious of a very healthy appetite.*



TRYING IT ON.

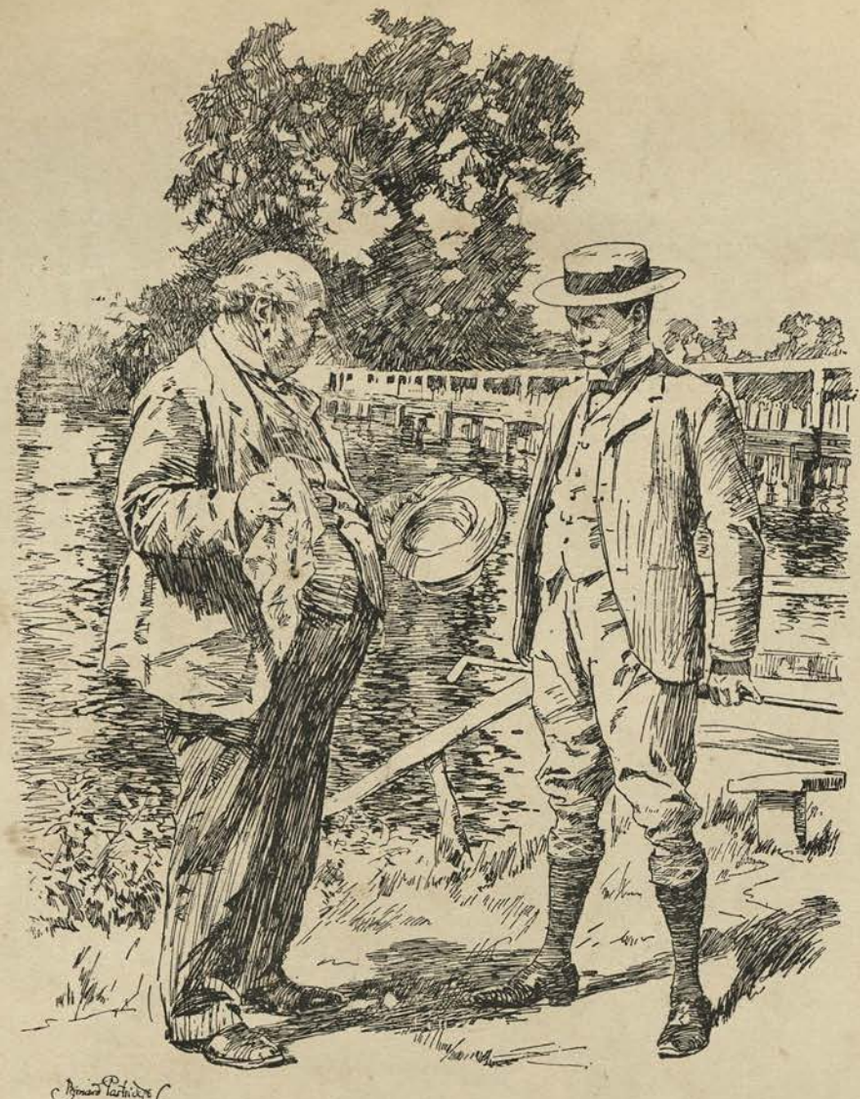
*Irish Jarvey.* "LET ME DHR'VE YER HONOUR TO DUNEEN HEAD."

*English Tourist.* "I HAVE SEEN THAT, PAT. I WENT THERE TWO YEARS AGO."

*Irish Jarvey.* "AH, YER HONOUR, SHURE THEY'VE ADDED TO THE SCENERY SINCE THAT TOIME!"

MUCH ADO.

"MAMMA-A-A! BOO-HOO! WE'S CRYING! TUM UP 'TAIRS AN' SEE WHAT'S DE MATTER WIV US!"



## "THE PITY O' IT!"

"WELL, SIMPSON, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE HOT WEATHER?"

"CAN'T STAND IT, SIR! IT'S HAWFUL! AIN'T GOT NO STOMACH FOR MY VICTUALS, SIR!"

## A REGULAR TREAT; OR, THE RADICAL TENDENCY.

*His Little Lordship.* "OH, MISS PRIMSEY, I'M GOING TO TELL THOSE *NICE* BOYS TO COME AND GIVE US A SAIL IN THAT *LOVELY* BOAT!"

## AN OVERSIGHT!

*Swell.* "WAITAR! THIS—AH—CHOP'S VEWY DWY!"

*Waiter.* "'NDEED, SIR? PERHAPS IF YOU WERE TO ORDER SOMETHING TO DRINK WITH IT, SIR—"

## "OVERCAST."

THEY WERE OUT FOR A DAY IN THE COUNTRY—WERE LATE AT THE STATION—HE LEFT IT TO HER TO TAKE THE TICKETS—A HORRID CROWD—FRIGHTFULLY HOT—AND SHE WAS HUSTLED AND FLUSTERED CONSIDERABLY WHEN SHE REACHED THE CARRIAGE.

*He (cool and comfortable).* "HOW CHARMING THE YELLOW GORSE—"

*She (in a withering tone).* "YOU DIDN'T 'XPECT TO SEE IT BLUE, I S'PPOSE!" [*Tacet!*

*Diner (sniffing).* "WAITER — I REALLY THINK—THIS FISH IS NOT FRESH!"

*Waiter.* "YESSIR—'CAN'T ANSWER FOR THAT, SIR!—I'VE HONLY BEEN 'ERE A WEEK, SIR!!"

COMFORTING!

"UPON HIM!"

*(Professor Snoozle hates Music, and thinks he has discovered a safe retreat from the Enemy.)*

*Brigand (from round the corner of a rock).* "TAKE FOR THE BAND, SIR?"!

ANGLING IN THE SERPENTINE.—SATURDAY P.M.

*Piscator, No. 1.* "HAD EVER A BITE, JIM?"

*Piscator, No. 2.* "NOT YET—I ONLY COME HERE LAST WEDNESDAY!"

## A LITTLE RAILWAY DRAMA.

*(Passenger in Train, who naturally objects to having a nasty, odoriferous, useless pet dog in the carriage, suggests to the Guard that the animal should be put in the Van.)*

*Stupid Old Lady (dashing out of the Carriage).* "DID IT THEN, A DARLING! A PRETTY SWEET!—DID IT GET INTO A CARRIAGE WITH A BREE-UTE?"

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"HOPE DEFERRED."

*The Rev. Mr. Quiverfull.* "AH! IT'S ALL VERY WELL, MR. WURZELL, TO SAY YOU'LL PAY YOUR TITHES SHORTLY—ALL VERY WELL! BUT YOU'VE SAID THAT EVER SINCE LAST CHRISTMAS, AND I REALLY CANNOT WAIT UNTIL THAT SACRED FESTIVAL COMES ROUND AGAIN."

SEVERE.

*Boy.* "PLEASE, SIR, TELL ME THE TIME?"
*Crusty Old Gent.* "YES, SIR,—BED-TIME!"

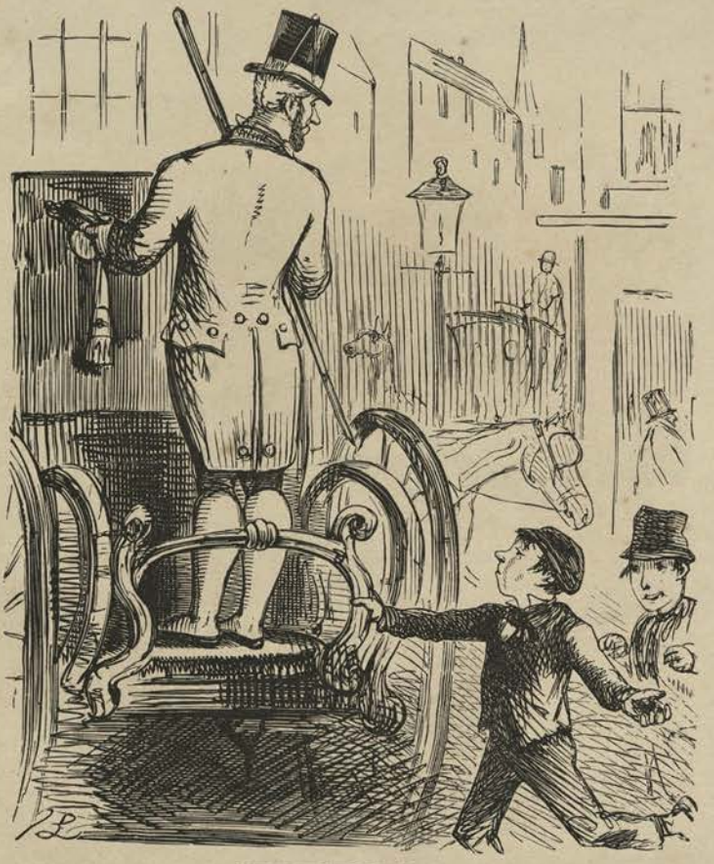
AN OBJECTIONABLE OLD MAN.

*Young Ladies.* "GOING TO MAKE A FLOWER-BED HERE, SMITHERS? WHY, IT'LL QUITE SPOIL OUR CROQUET GROUND!"
*Gardener.* "WELL, THAT'S YER PA'S ORDERS, MISS! HE'LL HEV' IT LAID OUT FOR 'ORTICULTUR', NOT FOR 'USBANDRY!!"

## SORRY HE SPOKE!

*Impatient Passenger.* "COME, I SAY, DRIVER, YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO CREEP ALONG AT THIS SLOW PACE. IT'S TOO BAD. I'M IN A HURRY, AND I INSIST UPON YOUR GOING FASTER."

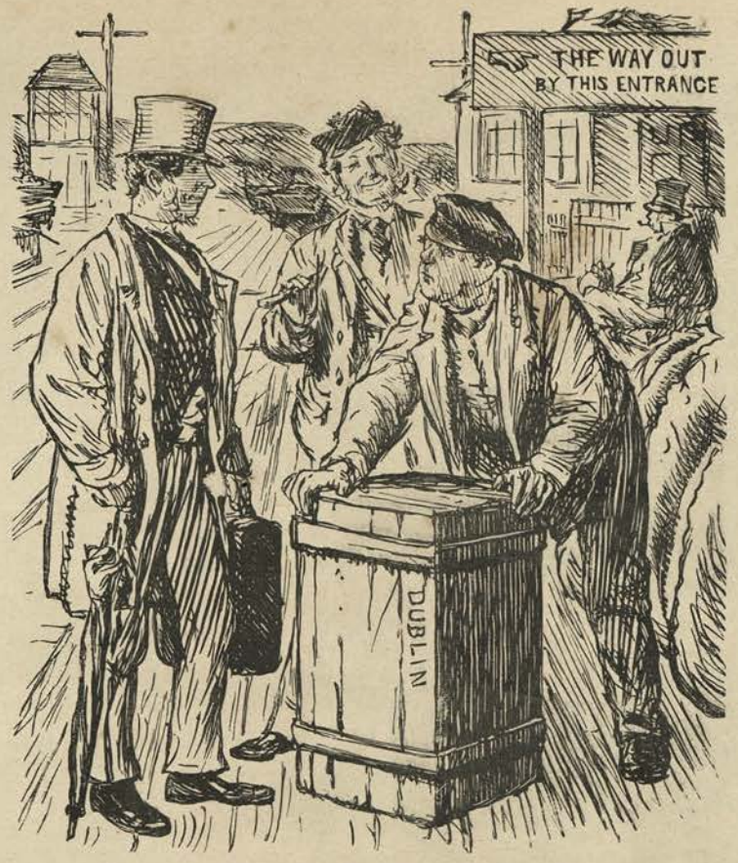
*Careful Driver.* "OH, YES! AND FRIGHTEN THE INSIDES OUT O' THEIR VITS, AND BE 'AD UP BEFORE THE 'BEAK' FOR FURIOUS DRIVIN'. WHY, YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED O' YOURSELF.—DRIVE FAST!—NOT IF I KNOW IT."



## IRRESISTIBLE.

*John Thomas.* "GET AWAY, BOY—GET AWAY, BOY!"

*Boy.* "SHAN'T! AND IF YER DON'T LET ME RIDE, I'LL SEND THIS 'ERE MUD OVER YER CALVES!"




MORE "REVENGE FOR THE UNION."

*Saxon Tourist (at Irish Railway Station).* "WHAT TIME DOES THE HALF-PAST ELEVEN TRAIN START, PADDY?"

*Porter.* "AT THRUTTY MINUTES TO TWILVE—SHARRUP, SOR!"

[*Tourist retires up, discomfited.*

ROMANCE OF THE KITCHEN.

*Cook (from the Area)* "O, 'LIZA, GI' ME MY WINIGRETTE—I'VE 'AD A—OF-ER —FROM THE *DUSTMAN!!*"

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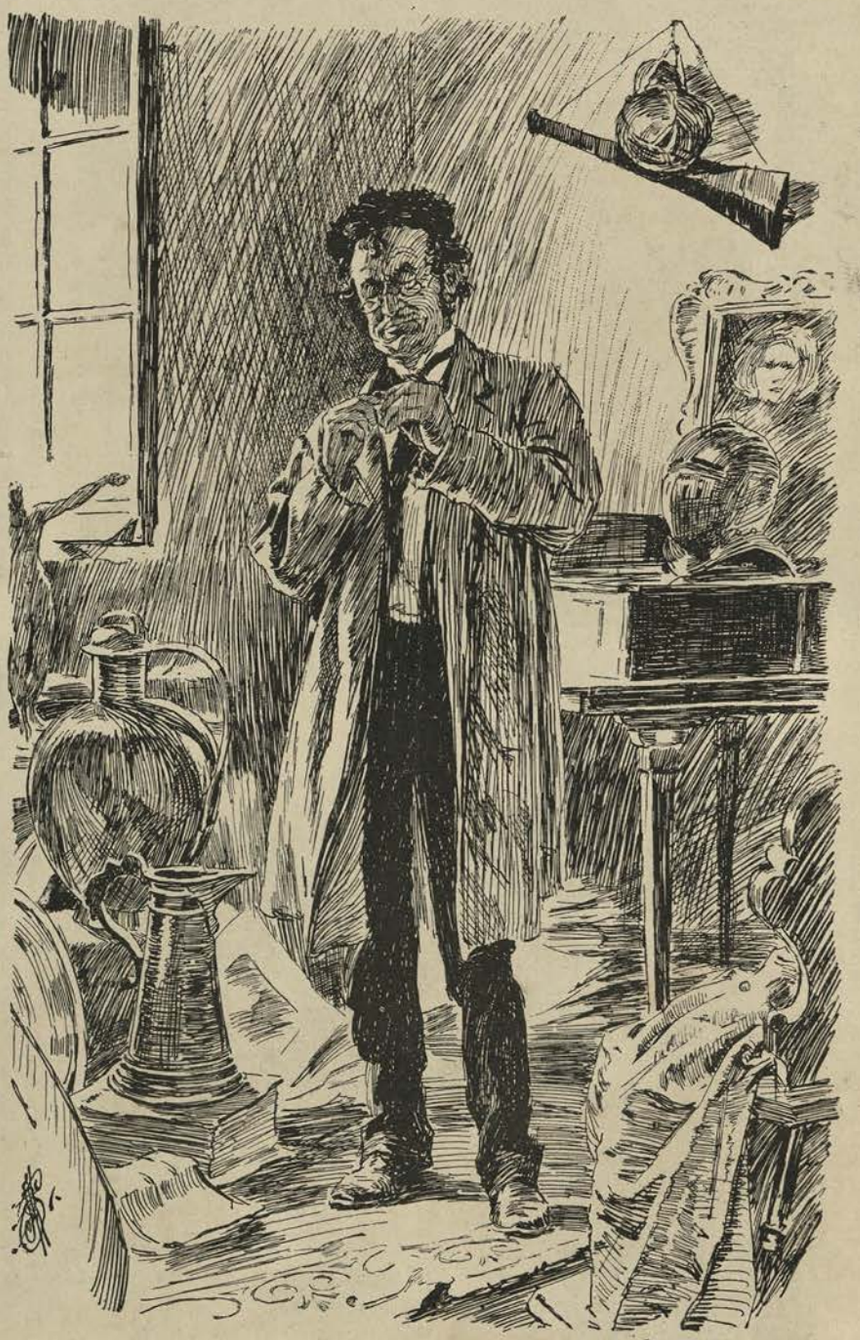

## A SOLILOQUY.

*Generous Dealer (examining ring).* "HE ASKS TWENTY. HE THINKS HE'LL GET EIGHTEEN. IT'S WORTH SIXTEEN. I'LL GIVE FOURTEEN. HE PAID TWELVE. I'LL OFFER TEN!"

PORTRAIT OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO DRAWS UP THE METEOROLOGICAL REPORTS.

"ANOTHER DEPRESSION IS COMING!"

*[Just as he was about to take his Holiday too!*

"WALTON'S COMPLETE BUNGLER."

"CONFOUND IT!—AND THE FISH RISING SO NICELY!"

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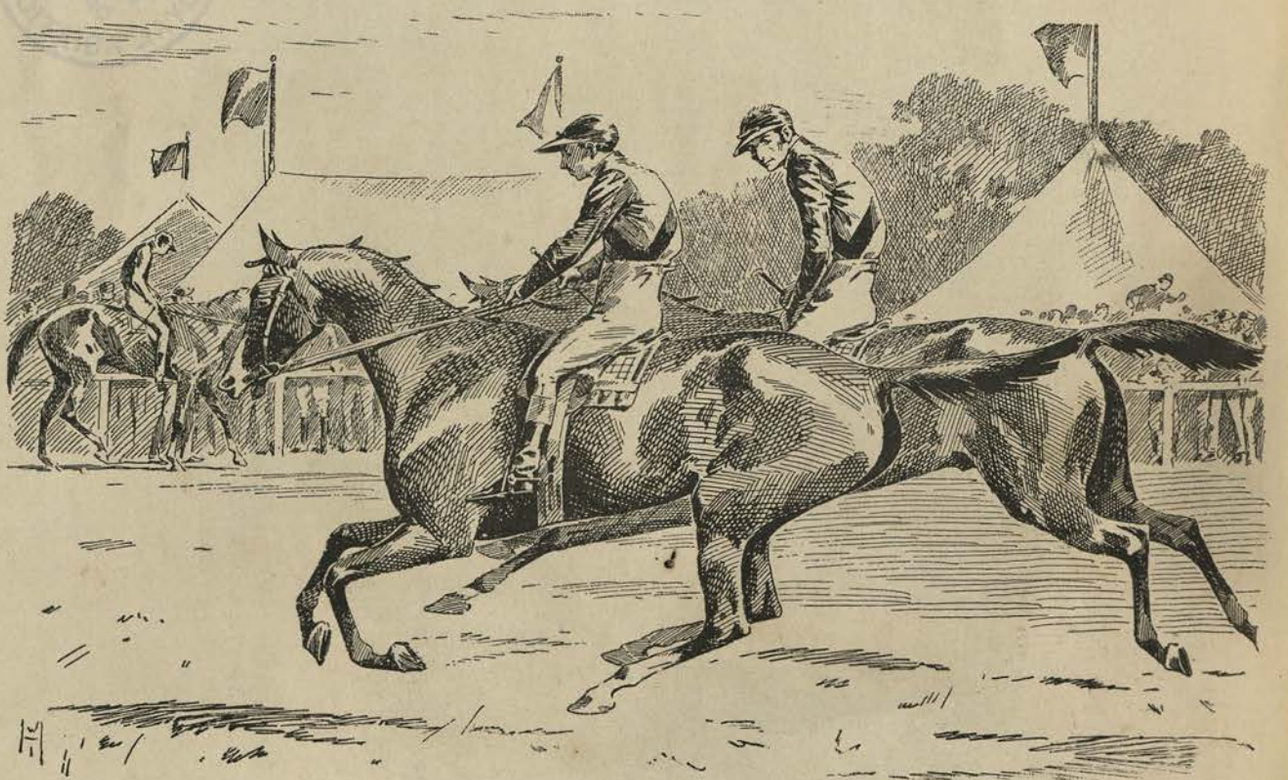
## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

*Old Gent (lately bitten with the Craze).* "AND THAT CONFOUNDED MAN SOLD ME THE THING FOR A SAFETY!"



## UNEARNED INCREMENT.

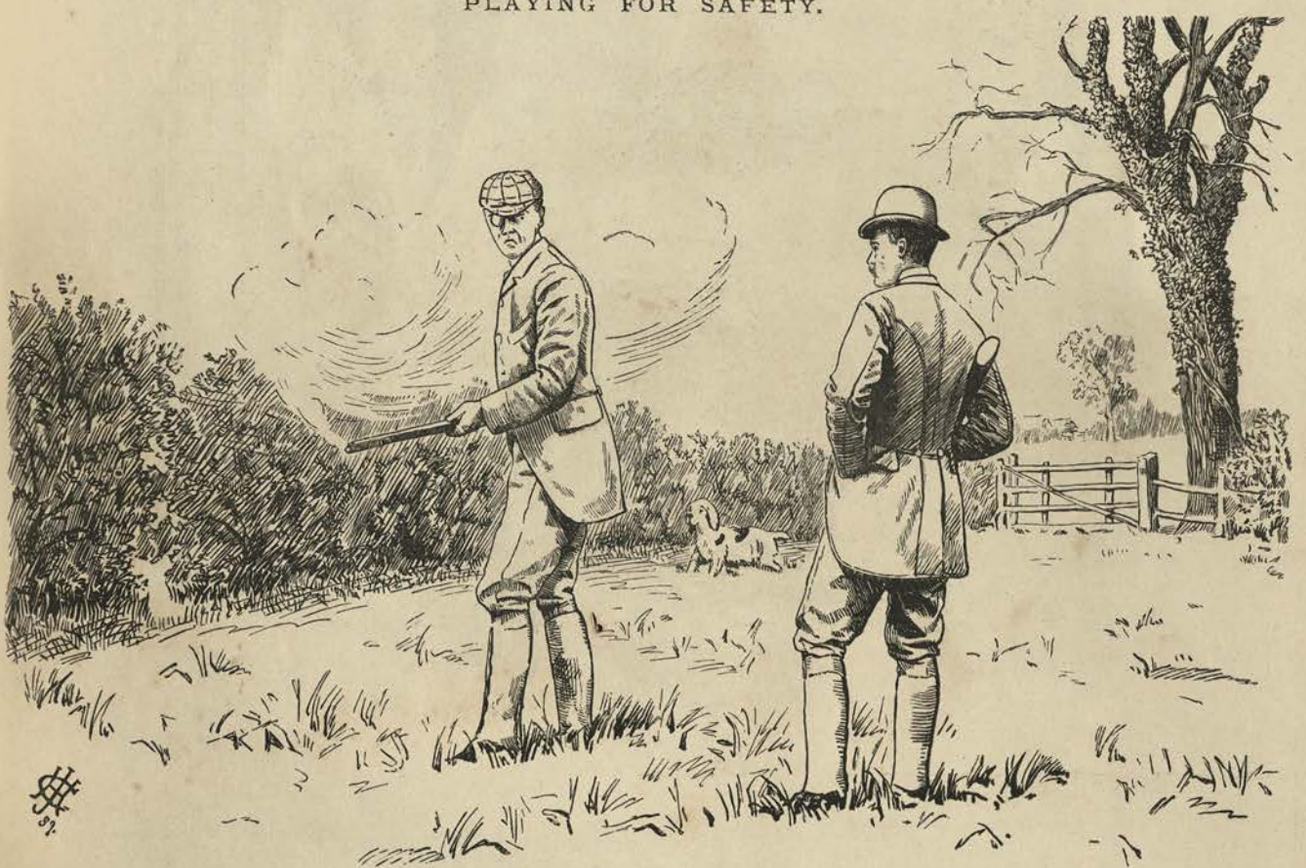
*Experienced Jock (during preliminary canter, to Stable-boy, who has been put up to make the running for him).* "NOW, YOUNG 'UN, AS SOON AS WE'RE OFF, YOU GO TO WORK AND MAKE THE PACE A HOT 'UN!"

*Stable-boy (Irish).* "BEGORRA THIN, OI'M THINKIN' IT'S MESELF *ROIDES* THE *RACE*, AND YOU POCKETS ALL THE CREDIT O' WINNIN'!"

*Village Cricketer (explaining to Pat that he is out—Leg before Wicket).* "YES, YES; BUT YER MUSTN'T GO STICKIN' YER LEG BEFORE YER WICKETS SO THAT IT STOPS THE BALL!"

*Pat (nursing his leg and dancing round).* "BEGORRA THIN, IT'S MESELF 'LL BE AFTHER STICKIN' IT BEHOINT ME WICKETS NEXT TOIME, AND LET THIM STHOP IT!"

PLAYING FOR SAFETY.



ON THE CHANCE.

"HULLO, FRED, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU FIRING AT?"
"OH—ER—I THOUGHT A HARE MIGHT BE COMING THROUGH THAT GAP IN THE HEDGE!"

## ALL OUT SHOOTING.

PATERFAMILIAS TAKES HIS FAMILY TO EXMOOR THIS YEAR, THINKING TO HAVE A DAY'S SHOOTING ON THE FIRST. BUT SO THOUGHT THEY AS WELL; AND HERE THEY COME!

*First.* "BASAN," OUR COLLEY *(as Retriever).* *Second.* UNCLE PHIL, WITH UMBRELLA *(as Beater).* *Third.* "PA."
*Fourth.* MASTER GEORGE, WITH LONG BOW AND "QUIVER FULL OF ARROWS!" *Fifth.* MASTER CLARE (9), CROSS-BOW AND DITTO!

*[And a very pleasant day they had.*

EDUCATION.

*Squire.* "HOBSON, THEY TELL ME YOU'VE TAKEN YOUR BOY AWAY FROM THE NATIONAL SCHOOL. WHAT'S THAT FOR?"

*Villager.* "'CAUSE THE MASTER AIN'T FIT TO TEACH UN!" *Squire.* "O, I'VE HEARD HE'S A VERY GOOD MASTER.

*Villager.* "WELL, ALL I KNOWS IS, HE WANTED TO TEACH MY BOY TO SPELL 'TATERS' WITH A 'P'!!!"

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THE CONTRARINESS OF THINGS.

*He.* "THAT LITTLE TRIP OF OURS TO BOULOGNE NEVER CAME OFF, AFTER ALL!"

*She.* "NOTHING EVER *DOES* COME OFF—EXCEPT *BUTTONS!*"

## RES ANGUSTA DOMI.

*(In a Children's Hospital.)*

"MY PORE YABBIT'S DEAD!" "HOW SAD!" "DADDA KILLED MY PORE YABBIT IN BACK KITCHEN!" "OH DEAR!" "I HAD TATERS WIV MY PORE YABBIT!"

## WHAT BROWN HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

*The Throat Doctor.* "AND DOES YOUR LITTLE BOY EVER *SNORE*, MRS. BROWN?"

*Mrs. Brown.* "I DON'T *THINK* SO. HE ALWAYS SLEEPS IN OUR ROOM, AND WE'VE NEVER NOTICED IT!"

*Little Brown.* "*MAMMY* SNORES—IF YOU *LIKE!*"

## BETWEEN FRIENDS.

*Mr. Spooner, Q.C. (a Neophyte).* "THIS IS MY BALL, I THINK?"

*Colonel Bunting (an Adept).* "BY JOVE, THAT'S A JOLLY GOOD 'LIE'!"

*Mr. Spooner.* "REALLY, BUNTING, WE'RE VERY OLD FRIENDS, OF COURSE. BUT I DO THINK YOU MIGHT FIND A PLEASANTER WAY OF POINTING OUT A PERFECTLY UNINTENTIONAL MISTAKE!"

## A SCOTCH SKETCH.

*(Growing Popularity of the Highlands.)*

*Mrs. Smith (of Brixton).* "LOR', MR. BROWN, I 'ARDLY KNOO YER! ONLY THINK OF OUR MEETIN' *'ERE*, THIS YEAR, INSTEAD OF DEAR OLD MARGIT! AN' I SUPPOSE THAT'S THE COSTUME YOU GO *SALMON-STALKING* IN?"

A LITTLE MIXED.

"HOPE YOU BACKED THE WINNER?"

"MY DEAR FELLOW, ONLY TOO DELIGHTED. BUT YOU NEVER *TOLD* ME!"

Q. E. D.

"WHAT'S UP WI' SAL?" "AIN'T YER ERD? SHE'S MARRIED AGIN!"

## A GREAT FIND.

"OH!! LOOK'EE HERE, SIR, HERE'S A WARM LONG ENOUGH TO LAST YOU A FORTNIGHT."

## PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

SQUIRE BOBBINS, WITH A VIEW TO GROUSE DRIVING LATER IN THE SEASON, EMPLOYS THE COUNTRY BOYS TO SHY TURNIPS OVER THE WALL FOR HIM TO PRACTISE AT. SOMETIMES THE YOUNG RASCALS TAKE A BETTER AIM THAN THE OLD GENTLEMAN!

EFFECT OF NOT TAKING NOTICE.

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"TELL-TALE TIT!"

*(Middle o' September!)*

*Bagnidge (having made sure with both barrels).* "ANOTHER BIR——"

*The Keeper (aghast).* "BIRD!—NOT A BIT OF IT! 'DON'T KNOW WHAT MASTER 'LL SAY WHEN I TELL HIM! WH', YOU'VE SHOT A PHEASANT!"

AN IMPORTANT 'JUNCTION.

"YOU MIND YOUR FADER GETS MY BOOTS REDDY BY FOUR O'CLOCK, 'COS I'M GOIN' TO A PARTY!"

## A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

*Chorus (slow music).* "WE'RE A RARE OLD—FAIR OLD—RICKETY, RACKETY CREW!"

## PICKINGS FROM PICARDY.

AFTER THE PROCESSION. A SOLO BY GRAND-PÈRE.

HAPPY THOUGHT!

FINIS!

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